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## THE DOUBLE PROPHECY;

OR,

TRIALS OF THE HEART.

BY WILLIAM CARLETON.

### CHAPTER IX.

RESULT OF THE ABDUCTION—MISS TRAVERS'S VANITY  
DOES MUCH MISCHIEF—MISS BENNET FOUND OUT.

An old, stupid-looking woman opened the door for them, and showed them into the dining-room, where there were refreshments laid out, precisely as if they had been expected. This startled Maria, and it seemed to her like a troubled dream, but she could not understand it.

"Now, my dear Miss Brindsley," said Clinton, "you have, I know, every reason to feel alarm and agitation; of course you will admit the necessity of some refreshment; allow me to help you to a glass of wine."

"No sir," said she, "nothing of the kind will pass my lips to-night. Only, I entreat you, that whatever you have to say to me you will say it quickly, and conduct me home again with as little delay as possible. What must they think at Miss Travers's of my absence, or how will I account for it? If you respected me, Mr. Clinton, you would not treat me as you have done."

"I *did* respect you, Maria—I will call you so—and I loved you besides, God only knows how well and how sincerely."

"And pray, what did I ever do to cause me the loss of your respect?"—she did not add love.

Clinton swallowed a glass of wine, and looked her sternly and severely in the face.

"Can you ask me such a question?" said he, in return. "What has been your intimacy with Captain Doolittle?"

"Captain Doolittle!" said she, astonished; "why I know not the man—I never spoke to him."

"Did he never write to you?"

"He did. The servant told me that a letter she brought up came from Captain Doolittle; I wrote upon the back of it—'*returned with indignation and scorn*;' but I did not even open it. I laid it on the chimney-piece, when called by Miss Travers to furnish some accounts, which I am in the habit of doing, and when I returned to my room the letter was gone, and I never saw it since; neither could I return it to him un-

opened as I had intended; some person must certainly have stolen it."

"God bless me!" thought Clinton, "how beautifully she fences; there is no touching her. Well, but Miss Brindsley, did you never meet this man? upon the N——y road, say?"

"Never in my life, Mr. Clinton."

"Nor he never called upon you?"

"He did, some time ago, but I refused to see him."

"Ah, he was imprudent to call upon you *there*; but now, Miss Brindsley, allow me to tell you—and I assure you it is very painful to me—that I do not believe one word of what you have uttered. You *have* seen him, you *have* had assignments with him, and—and—I need not add what I had intended to say—I saw your own letter to him, appointing a meeting, and soliciting his protection—for it bore no other construction. Now the letter you sent him and that you sent me are both written by the same hand. What have you to say to that fact?"

"I have to say this"—and as she spoke, she started indignantly to her feet—"that if Captain Doolittle can produce a letter, as coming from me, either he is one of the most unprincipled villains that ever lived on earth, or that he has been misled, and the letter is a forgery."

Clinton paused for a minute or two; but the man was jealous, and, as Shakspeare has said:

"Trifles, light as air,  
Are to the jealous confirmation strong  
As proofs of holy writ."

There were the two letters, unquestionably written by the same hand. Doolittle was a knowing and practised rake, and had prepared her for such an encounter as this.

"Did you not admit," said he, "in your reply to my letter, that you had *one* protector in whom you could trust? How will you answer that, Miss Brindsley?"

"Sir," she replied, and the tears burst from her eyes, "the protector I meant in my letter to you was—the Almighty God."

Clinton for a moment felt as if he had got an electric shock; he was awed, he was subdued for a time; but of all passions which agitate and agonize the human heart, there is none so difficult to eradicate out of it as jealousy. This, he thought upon a little reflection, was all very fine—but there were the accursed letters. That allusion to Almighty God was a beauti-

ful escape—one, indeed, which none but an exceedingly clever creature could make; and then he looked at her—she was in tears; her face was flushed into the most tempting and inexpressible beauty—in fact, the sensual devil became strong in him, and he changed his tactics. He represented to her how happy they might be together; she had been his first love, he said; he loved her still, he would continue to love her, only let her make herself worthy of it; he would provide for her; he would take her out of the wretched condition of life in which she was placed. The provision he would make for her would be for life. Let her think of the change which the acceptance of this proposal would effect in her circumstances. And in order to satisfy her that there was neither fraud nor delusion in his intentions, he would have the settlement regularly and properly drawn up by a solicitor of respectability and eminence, and if she wished, she herself might choose the man.

Maria rose up, and her face became flushed with a resentment so deep that for a short time she could not utter a syllable; her breast heaved with the indignation which was pent up within it, burning to escape in words. At length she spoke.

"So sir," she proceeded, "this then was the explanation you wanted! this was your unmanly and dishonourable object in dragging me by brutal power and violence to this lonely place, to offer me those vile and profligate proposals! You have made, however, a great and a grievous mistake; I am not such a person as you suspect me to be. I am an humble, but, thank God, a virtuous girl, and sooner than consent to the abominable offers which you are not ashamed to make me, I would beg my bread from house to house, or lie down behind a ditch and breathe out my last gasp with an unsullied conscience under the open sky of heaven."

"Ah!" said he, "I see clearly that you never loved me."

"Loved you! did I ever say that I did, sir?"

"No, but I thought I read it in your eyes. You love another, however, that is a clear case."

"No sir, there you are again mistaken. I say, in the presence of God, that I do *not* love another. But ask yourself what the proof of my love is, which you are ungenerous enough to require from me. To throw myself into a life of shame and infamy, not to gratify your love, but your base and profligate passions, to enable you to boast to your fellow profligates, that you have me as your kept mistress. But Mr. Clinton, understand me once for all. You ask me to become your kept mistress; now, so far from that, I declare most solemnly, that knowing your principles as I do, I would not, even should you gain the consent of your whole family to it, become your wife, much less your mistress. Now sir, I have said all I intend to say, I have given you the only explanation I can give—and if there has been a mystery between us, I trust I have cleared it up. At present all I have to ask of you is, that you will conduct me safely and honourably home, and may God forgive you for your conduct to me this

night! It may be the means of destroying the reputation of an innocent and well-conducted girl."

There was a burning and indignant spirit of sincerity in her words, a tone of such high principle and pure morality, such an unquestionable consciousness of offended chastity, that Clinton was mute, and felt himself incapable of making any reply. He walked about the room, and said to himself, "What if I have been mistaken after all, or rather somehow misled; but then, there are the hints thrown out by Miss Travers, and who appeared to allude to them with reluctance, and as if she did not wish to compromise or injure the character of this girl. We know it is true how those ladies can act their part when in a crisis like this. Perhaps, after all, this scene may be an excellent jest between her and Doolittle. I believe that once a woman throws off the principles of virtue, she sticks at nothing—not even at the most solemn oaths when they are necessary to protect her from suspicion—yes, and even when their hearts are as corrupt as hell itself, or the festering worm that crawls upon the carrion. Well, I will bring her home, safe too, and without offence, but I shall not give her up yet. I shall sift her character thoroughly, and satisfy myself as to whether I am right or wrong in my suspicions, if after the letters I have seen, I can call them such."

"Miss Brindsley," said he, "your wishes shall be complied with. I shall conduct you safely home; but you think too much of the world, and of the opinions of the world. What is the world to us but a blank unless we can enjoy ourselves, and take as much pleasure as we can out of it?"

"Alas, sir," she replied, "I admit it is an unjust world. You and such as you, may seduce and destroy, and the world rather applauds than condemns you, but how does the opinion of that world act upon your victims? It spares not them, whilst the authors of their ruin and the principals in their crime go through society boasting of their triumphs, instead of being ashamed of them; whilst the wretched being whom you have brought to vice and infamy, goes down, step after step, to the lowest depths of profligacy, and sin, and misery. Sir, I beg you to bring me home."

"Can this be hypocrisy," thought Clinton; "where did or could this girl have got such sentiment or such language—language so much above her education and condition of life? Well, I shall see into that too; yet how many of them are clever and fluent as a summer stream? Oh, if I find that she is unstained and pure, what shall I do? I know not, but I will think of it; but first for the scrutiny—the investigation into her private life; I shall leave no person acquainted with her unexamined; I shall either prove her to be as white and pure as the unsullied snow, or as black and hypocritical as perdition itself, and all that belongs to it."

"Now, Miss Brindsley," said he, "I am ready to conduct you home."

"Thank you, sir," she replied, "those are the only agreeable words I've heard from your lips to-night."

In a few moments they were on their way to the house of Miss Travers.

Both, as they went along, were full of their own thoughts, and they spoke but little. Maria was silent and still, but Clinton, although he directed scarcely any conversation to her, was evidently in a state of the most indescribable anxiety. He sighed deeply, and even groaned with what might be well termed anguish.

"Why is it that I feel this interest in you?" said he; "why is it that you deprive me of my sleep at night? By heavens, Maria, you are the whole world to me. Night and day, morning, noon, and evening, you are the sole subject of my thoughts. But I am in torture—oh, if I can find you what I would fain hope; but what I fear, I dread that I cannot—there would not exist on the surface of this earth so happy a man. I would give millions if my love for you were boundless and without suspicion."

"I do not wish to encourage your love, sir," she replied, "if love it be, but I would go any length to relieve myself from your suspicions—your most unjust suspicions."

He made no reply to this; and they drove on in silence until they came pretty near Maria's home. At this moment another hackney coach drove up to them, proceeding in the same direction. The persons inside appeared to be evidently in great good humour. They laughed and chatted, and to the surprise of Clinton, he at once recognised the voice of Doolittle. He pulled the string and whispered the driver to stop, which he did. It was obvious that their own carriage had not been perceived by Doolittle and his companion, otherwise they would not have talked so loudly.

"Remain here for a few minutes," said Clinton, springing out, "I must ascertain what Doolittle is about. It is no good I know, but I shall watch him and see where he goes to."

He accordingly followed the other carriage, and to his astonishment saw that it stopped at Miss Travers's house.

The night, we have observed, was very dark, and he had little difficulty in edging up close to the door, where he stood with his back against the wall in such a position that it was difficult if not impossible to see him. At length the carriage drove up and stopped at the door, and Doolittle handed his lady out.

"Now," said he, "my darling Maria, I must tear myself from you," and as he spoke he kissed her several times,—adding "Good night now, my dear Miss Brindley,—good night, and do not forget to dream of me."

"Go now," she replied, "you are a naughty man; why did you make me so fond of you?"

She then walked over, and deliberately applying a latch-key to the door, let herself in, and closed it very quietly. Doolittle's carriage drove away at a rapid rate, and Clinton, thunderstruck at what had happened, hastened to Maria, and immediately mentioned what he had heard.

"Have you," he asked, "a sister in that establishment?"

"No sir," she replied, "I am an only child."

"But do you know who the girl is that was in the hackney coach with him?"

"Unfortunately I do," she replied; "she is a young woman from Dublin who conducts Miss Travers's business, and the only enemy I have in the house."

"By heavens, then," he exclaimed, "all is now clear! My beloved girl, she has corresponded with him in your name, and passes herself on him for you."

The probability of this instantly struck Maria, especially when she thought of the purloined letter; but as her principal object now was to free herself from Clinton and get home, she requested him to leave her. Clinton felt a new light stream in upon his soul. He was in raptures, and so completely absorbed by the accidental discovery he had made, that he felt himself incapacitated from holding any conversation upon the subject. He then bade her good night, entered the carriage, and immediately drove home.

There is not a virtue in this world rarer or more beneficial to ourselves than candour, especially when exercised at our own expense. It is, indeed, only another name for truth, and we trust our readers are already aware that our heroine was truth itself. The next morning Maria told Miss Travers that she wished to have a few minutes' private conversation with her, as she had something, she said, very particular, if not painful, to mention. Accordingly, after breakfast, when the parlour was left to themselves, she gave her a full and complete detail of all that had occurred to her on the preceding night, by no means suppressing the nature of the base and offensive proposals which Clinton had made to her; and whilst she dwelt upon this part of the narrative, her face flushed, and the tears of indignation streamed down her cheeks. Miss Travers seemed equally affected, but in somewhat of a different spirit, although Maria by no means understood the distinction. On the contrary, when her ardour coloured, and flapped her face with her handkerchief in a state of resentment which surpassed her own, she imputed it all to the simple and becoming sympathy of virtuous indignation. As she went on with the narrative she was in the beginning interrupted only by ejaculations, such as "Ah!—dear me,—bless my soul!" but when she came to Clinton's professions of love, and the dishonourable offers he had made her, the flame which had been smouldering broke out, and raged with a fury which astonished even Maria herself.

"False, base, treacherous villain, to treat me thus!"

"You, Miss Travers!" exclaimed Maria, struck very naturally with amazement at such words, "you! why it is of myself that I am speaking."

"Yes Maria, I know that, but it is of myself that I am thinking. That unprincipled villain,—for such I now find he is, has been in love with me for a considerable time past, and has avowed his affection for me in this very room—upon his bended knees, ay, and with the tears in his eyes too."

"And what did you say to him?" asked Maria, astonished, and more than astonished, for she felt the very heart within her sink on hearing this fresh instance of her lover's profligacy.

"What did I say to him? why I told him that I would not give him an answer for some time; that I had heard unfavourable accounts of him with respect to women, but that out of consideration for his youth I would put him on his good behaviour, if I found that he reformed—had ceased to be a rake, and become a respectable moral character, I might give him an answer—upon which, Maria, he seized me in his arms, kissed me passionately, said I was his first love, (I thought of poor Thady then!) and that if he did not marry me, he would never marry another; and he did all this so rapidly and in such a state of excitement, that I had not time to prevent him."

Maria's face became the hue of ashes on hearing this exposition of Clinton's principles.

"He is indeed," she replied, "a thorough profligate."

"Yes, Maria," said Miss Travers, "I *now* see that he is—there is no doubt of that;—unfortunate and misguided youth, if he had only been constant to his *first* love—if he had only been——"

Here her feelings completely overpowered her; she sobbed and became every whit as hysterical as if every syllable of her own narrative had been truth itself. Indeed we dare say, and we *do* say, that her hysterics were strong precisely in proportion to its falsehood. May the sex forgive us for this bit of moral anatomy, which they wont. In fact, she completely turned the tables on Maria, who having expected sympathy from the old sempstress, found herself called upon to bestow it. She took her in her arms, held up her head, fanned her face, wiped her eyes, and kept comforting and supporting her until she gave that last peculiar and well-managed sob, which seems to bring the necessary relief, and winds up the fit. Lord help us! what a world it is,—but they are all angels of some sort or other.

When the explanations on both sides were complete, Maria told her she was going out for a little, but would return in less than an hour. This in a moment excited her jealousy.

"Going out!" she exclaimed; "not to meet him I hope; you have never been in the habit of going out—at least by yourself. I insist, Maria, on knowing where you are going to."

"I am going," replied Maria, "to the Rev. Dr. Spillar, who, they say, is a learned and a pious man."

"And pray, what brings you to him?"

"To ask his advice," she replied; "to tell him what I have just told you, and to ask his protection besides, and that he might use his influence with Mr. Clinton, in order to prevent him from annoying me, or injuring my character by attempting to see or speak to me. It is an easy thing to injure the character of a poor unprotected girl like me!"

"I hope you will say nothing about me, Maria," said Miss Travers. "But I know you are a girl of great good sense and prudence, and would mention nothing

to my disadvantage. Indeed, if Clinton were to renew his proposals to me to-morrow, as it is not improbable that he may, I do not think I would have him. I shall never marry a false-hearted man. Ah, poor Thady! There was constancy, Maria. How soon he abandoned Ellen Comerford when he saw me—*heigho!*"

Maria, until this interview with Miss Travers, had believed and hoped that Clinton, notwithstanding his violence in taking her away the night before, was not altogether devoid of honour or principle. His conduct however, with respect to Miss Travers, satisfied her that he was nothing more or less than a most licentious debauchee; and although the discovery was a bitter one, yet she was glad it had been made, because it opened her eyes to his true character, and enabled her to understand his hypocrisy and falsehood, and to estimate his professions at their proper value.

On reaching Dr. Spillar's house, she was shown into the front parlour, where the learned and reverend gentleman soon joined her. We will not recapitulate the circumstances with which our readers are already acquainted, but simply say that she recited with candour, yet not without embarrassment and many blushes, the whole history of Clinton's conduct towards her. The Doctor heard her calmly, and whenever she seemed to shrink from the most painful portions of the task she had imposed on herself, he encouraged her with much kindness, and drew her gently on into a complete narrative of the truth.

"Well, my dear," said the amiable and simple-hearted old gentleman, "I am very sorry to hear the tale which you have told me. I do not doubt your truth, because I read truth in every lineament of your face. I am sorry on this young man's account, but still more so upon yours. His family were honourable, generous, and high-minded; but now, may I ask why you have confided this distressing history to me?"

"Sir," she replied, "my reason for doing so is this: in the first place, if you should hear those circumstances mentioned to my disadvantage, or in any manner misrepresented to the injury of my character, that you should know the truth; and in the next, that you would be good enough to see Mr. Clinton, and to let him feel that any attempt on his part to see me or to speak to me will be of no earthly use to himself, but may be ruinous to my good name. This, sir, is the reason why I have called upon you; this, and a wish to ask you, as a pious and learned clergyman, to protect me as far as you can."

"And I shall, my poor child, as far as I can. I will see Mr. Clinton—I will reason with him, and it shall go hard or I will make him ashamed of his proceedings. Dear me, I did not expect such unjustifiable conduct as this from any of his family; but do not be alarmed, my child. I will take care that he shall not again either annoy or distress you. If my influence over him should fail, I shall see his colonel on the subject. But alas! now that I think of it, the colonel himself—an old bachelor by the way—has the reputation of being a greater profligate in *that* respect,



than any of the officers under him. My dear child, I find military men very illiterate in general, and above all subjects do I find them deficient in a knowledge of history. Are you fond of history?"

"I don't know, sir. I have very little time for reading; and I don't think that ever any work upon history came in my way. I am fond of reading; but Sunday is the only day left to me to read anything."

"Well, my dear," said he, "above all things read history. You will find it agreeable and amusing; quite a recreation for a young woman like you. Now, God bless you, my child. Put your trust in Him, and don't suffer yourself to be tempted by such persons as Mr. Clinton, or the base proposals he may make you. Think and reflect that you must appear before your Almighty Judge with a soul pure and unspotted."

"It is only on God," replied Maria, "that I rely; and next to him, on you, who are his minister. I trust sir, you will protect me as far as you possibly can, and that you will prevent Lieutenant Clinton from making my life wretched and unhappy."

"Depend upon me," he replied, "I shall not neglect the task—but it is none—which you have asked me to perform. If he should continue to annoy you, let me know without loss of time."

We have said, a few pages back, that truth and candour constitute the safest principle of conduct in life, even where circumstances may appear to be against our selves. In the course of that day, Maria experienced the justness of this observation. On her way to Dr. Spillar's and on her return from the interview she had with him, she felt deeply and deplorably wretched. The lying—or rather, the exaggerated—revelations which Miss Travers had made concerning the character of Clinton, taught her, with painful and agonizing effect, that she had set her affections upon a rake and a reprobate of the worst character. She thought she saw in his conduct towards her, on the preceding night, gleams of honour and manifestations of affection which could not be mistaken. Her conversation with Miss Travers, however, set all that to rest. He was merely one of those unprincipled seducers of whom she had heard, and who sacrifice truth, honour, and conscience to effect their object. Perhaps there is not in the whole history of human feeling a state of mind, especially in matters of love—for we place the death of our nearest relatives out of the question—so severe and distressing upon the heart as the discovery that we have placed our affections upon a vile and worthless object. The revulsion of feeling which it produces rends the very heart asunder, and can be only illustrated by the terrific agony which a trusting and affectionate husband feels on discovering that the wife of his bosom has been faithless to him. Maria, in fact, was wretched, and returned home pale and with every appearance of melancholy and distress. And yet we may ask, why all this suffering? She knew and felt that she could never be married to Clinton; she knew and felt that she possessed the power and the virtue to resist all his solicitations; and that, in point of fact, she ought to

look upon him as a being so far removed from her, that there could be nothing common to either in their destiny, unless mere existence. Still, we may ask, why did she feel the discovery of his perfidy and profligacy with such indescribable anguish? Simply, because she loved him deeply and devotedly.

In the meantime, and during her absence at Dr. Spillar's, a scene took place between Miss Bennet and Miss Travers, which we are called upon to place on record. This, indeed, was a busy and an agitating day with Miss Travers. Miss Bennet accidentally saw Maria going out; and as there are no persons so jealous as those who are themselves conscious of secret guilt, she took it for granted that she was following up the proceedings of the foregoing night. She had heard Maria's knock, who, poor girl, was not furnished with a latch-key for that unusual hour, and, as the proverb has it—"measured her neighbour's corn in her own bushel." She too, begged to have a private interview with Miss Travers, which, of course, was granted, and the parlour became the scene of the following dialogue. Miss Bennet, bridling, commences it:

"Miss Travers, I trust I have conducted your very respectable establishment ever since my arrival here entirely to your satisfaction"—(a lofty consciousness of merit and professional accomplishments displayed).

"Why, indeed," replied Miss Travers, with a good deal of offended dignity, "It so happens that I conduct my own establishment, Miss Bennet. A forewoman I must certainly have, because I cannot myself be everywhere, nor attend to everything at the same time."

"Nor understand the new fashions without my assistance," added Miss Bennet, with peculiar bitterness.

"But I do not find it necessary that Miss Brindley should correct your blunders occasionally," retorted Miss Travers, ironically.

"She has too many errors of her own to correct, if she would do it," replied the other.

"Not in her business, Miss Bennet."

"No, but in her conduct, which is worse," returned the other. "The truth is, Miss Travers, I am here to inform you that you must part either with Miss Brindley or me. I do not feel that it is either safe or creditable to live in the same house with her, and I am resolved not to do it."

"Pray, why so, may I ask?"

"She cannot be a safe companion to any young woman here," continued Miss Bennet, "or any person who is engaged in an intrigue with Captain Doolittle."

"With Captain Doolittle!" exclaimed her companion, starting. "I rather think you are mistaken, Miss Bennet."

"I rather think I am not," replied the other; "she gives him secret meetings—nightly meetings—improper meetings—guilty meetings; and you cannot expect any proper girl to live in the same house with her. I know, for my part I won't."

"But what's your authority for this serious charge against the girl?"

"I am not at liberty just now to state my authority,

but I can assure you she was out with him last night."

"I know you are mistaken there; at all events, at least I think—but indeed it is a very difficult thing to know some people," she added.

"Ask Becky," continued the forewoman, "whether she did not let her in late last night. In fact, Miss Travers, I considered it my duty to you, and to the high respectability of your establishment, to make you acquainted with the impropriety of her conduct. Her remaining here will ruin you both in reputation and circumstances; and of course you must feel that it is your duty to part with her; if not, you part with me."

"But I don't wish to part with either of you," replied Miss Travers.

"You must, however," said the other. "I have now put you on your guard, and I will give you till to-morrow to make up your mind on the subject. If she remains here I go; and now I leave you to think of it."

There ran such an indignant spirit of offended virtue through this complaint, that Miss Travers felt puzzled, and began to doubt whether Maria had not artfully misled her, and that the confession of her last night's adventure was resorted to as a ruse to meet discovery. Yet surely she could not think so. There was too much sincerity in Maria's words, and especially in her tears, to justify this ungenerous suspicion against her; and then there was the fact of her visit to Dr. Spillar, and her determination to place herself under his protection. No, it could not be; the charge must be false; and besides, she knew that Miss Bennet was her bitter enemy. On the other hand, how could she dare to make such a dreadful charge if she were not in a condition to sustain it? Well, she would think it over, and in the course of the evening, consult Betty McClean upon the subject; for notwithstanding the squalls that occasionally took place between them, she seldom took any important step without the advice and counsel of this honest but somewhat fiery confidant.

## CHAPTER X.

AN EXPLANATION SATISFACTORY TO ONE PARTY, BUT WORM-WOOD TO ANOTHER—MARIA CONSENTS TO SEE HER LOVER.

THE next morning Clinton, anxious to sound Doolittle upon the proceedings of the previous night, paid that swaggering gentleman an early visit.

"Well, Dooly," said he, "how do you get on with your intrigue? Prosperously, of course."

"Prosperously, of course—to be sure—you have said it—

'She's all my fancy painted her,  
She's charming, she's divine'—

The Brindsley I mean. My seraph—my Maria!"

"Do you seriously say you had the young woman, Maria Brindsley, out with you last night?"

"I do my boy, not a doubt of it."

"You utter a falsehood, sir," replied Clinton.

"A falsehood! Clinton. This to me?"

"Yes, Doolittle, to your teeth I pronounce it a falsehood—an unmanly falsehood."

"Oh, ho! but I suppose you know what this language must end in? That is giving me the lie, Clinton."

"Unquestionably; so I mean it. You assert that you had the girl called Maria Brindsley out with you last night, do you not?"

"Most certainly I do."

"Then that, I say, is a lie; nothing more nor less, for I know it to be such."

"Clinton, go and get a friend; no man shall give me the lie with impunity. There remains now only one way of settling this affair."

"Sir, it remains for you to apologize for basely and unjustly slandering the reputation of a virtuous and innocent girl—a girl to whom you never spoke; but pardon me—I forgot myself—I should have been cooler. You are imposed upon, you are egregiously misled, and I will prove it to your satisfaction."

"That cannot be possible; I have her letters, signed Maria Brindsley."

"Yes, you have—signed Maria Brindsley, but not *by* Maria Brindsley. I say, then, let matters rest as they are until to-morrow, and if I don't distinctly prove that you are imposed upon, I pledge myself, as an officer and a gentleman, that I will be as ready to give you the usual satisfaction as you can be to demand it."

"Very well, then, be it so. I know I often draw the long bow, but in this I told you no deliberate falsehood, Clinton."

"Well, then, we shall see more of this to-morrow. I will call in upon you about twelve o'clock, and you will come whither I shall conduct you. If I find I have done you injustice, I shall apologize as a gentleman of spirit ought to do; if not, no apology; and so good-bye until then."

"But stay a moment; you seem to feel a particular interest in this girl, whilst, in the meantime, the devil a bit of interest she seems to feel in you."

"She is under the protection of my mother, Mr. Doolittle, and on that account I shall have her neither calumniated nor misrepresented; she is an orphan, too, and has, besides, in right of the interest which my mother takes in her welfare, a double claim upon me, as my mother's son and a gentleman."

"Any other motives, Clinton, eh?"

"Yes; my personal respect for her."

"Any other? You don't stop there, I presume."

"I have nothing further to say, but that I shall call upon you to-morrow at twelve o'clock, and I am much mistaken or you will have your eyes opened, and find that you have been the dupe of an artful woman—hackneyed, I apprehend, in the profligacy of Dublin life, and life, too, of not the most reputable character in the world. Now, good-bye again; I have not time to stop, but be ready to-morrow at twelve. For, mark me, I shall make a dash; I fling scruples and delicacy to the winds. The character of an innocent, virtuous,

and most beautiful girl is at stake, and I shall see justice rendered to her."

He abruptly left Doolittle, who wished to tease him a little more upon the subject, and returned to his own room.

Now, to render Doolittle justice, we must say, that out of the subject of gallantry, he was as thick-headed a blockhead as you might meet of a summer's day. Miss Bennet, in Maria's name, had gained a partial ascendancy over him—or rather had become a kind of favourite—for the man was so utterly devoid of feeling, and of such empty and licentious levity, that he was incapable, like every man of his class, of entertaining a serious regard for any woman. Men of his calibre never fall in love; they do not understand the sentiment; their object is only to gratify their passions, and that accomplished, they pass to new pursuits of the same character. Doolittle then was really taken in by Miss Bennet, who actually imposed herself on him as the innocent heroine of our story. As for him, he knew very little of either of them, and took it for granted that whatever Miss Bennet told him was true. He, consequently, never suspected the imposture, and gave himself no trouble whatsoever about it. With regard to what he was told by the sextoness, Miss Bennet assured him, that the simple woman had merely made a mistake in bestowing wrong names upon the parties, supposing that her name was Bennet and that of Maria, Brindsley—the fact being precisely the reverse; than which to Doolittle, who never was remarkable for penetration, nothing seemed more probable, and so he was artfully led into the error. Both girls were beautiful; and although he would certainly have preferred Maria Brindsley, yet as the other had fallen into his scheme without reluctance, he felt satisfied at the event as it occurred, precisely as a man of his easy and voluptuous character might be supposed to do. Many a time have men of his disposition and intellect been duped in a similar manner.

In the course of that evening, after tea, Miss Travers detained Betty McClean in order to communicate to her the charge which Miss Bennet had brought against Maria. She told her all which the reader already knows, and asked her opinion upon the circumstances as she detailed them. This was precisely the moment for which honest Betty had been lying in wait.

"Ah!" she exclaimed, "a knew it would come to this; but a hev had my eye upon her when she didn't think it. Now listen, Miss Travers; instead of poor Miss Brindsley meeting Captain Doolittle, it is she herself that meets him; deil damn the word o' lie in that, bekaise a know it."

"You know it! no you dont; how could you know it?"

Betty then recited to her the fact of Miss Bennet having purloined Doolittle's letter; stated how she had seen her break it open, place it in her bosom, and how she had traced her to the post-office, and discovered that she had answered it—most likely, as she said, in Maria's name; but at all events she had dogged her one

night in disguise, she admitted, and saw her meet Captain Doolittle on the N—y road. Then she assured her that she had been out the night before, and let herself in by a latch-key, and "you know very well that your latch-key was amissing for two or three days."

"Well Betty," said Miss Travers, "keep quiet for a day or two; I believe every word you say, but I shall write to Dublin for a person to replace her, and the moment she comes Miss Bennet must leave this."

"You need not write to Dublin for any person," replied Betty; "Miss Brindsley's a better forewoman than ever she was, so that on that account you may spare yourself both the expense and the trouble. How could you keep your accounts without her? answer me that?"

"Why, indeed, Betty, she is very valuable in that respect; but, in the meantime, as our business is increasing, I must have a fresh and clever hand from Dublin." And she wrote that very evening to Dublin for the purpose.

The next day about one o'clock, Miss Travers was sitting with her workwomen, keeping a strict eye on the conduct and bearing of the two rivals, when a loud knock came to the hall-door, and to their astonishment Doolittle and Clinton entered the apartment. If on this occasion any thing like guilt could be inferred from the deportment of either of them, unquestionably poor Maria sat for the criminal. On seeing Clinton she blushed deeply, and her hands became so tremulous that she could not work. Miss Bennet, on the contrary, was cool and undisturbed, and sufficiently collected to observe the confusion of the other, which she did with a significant glance at Miss Travers, which passed with one of scorn and vindictive triumph to Maria herself. Miss Travers, who knew not how to account for their unexpected appearance, or rather intrusion, into such a place without permission either given or asked, rose up, and with a sharp and offended manner, said:

"Gentlemen, may I beg to know what has occasioned us the honour of this extraordinary, and, I must say, not very welcome visit?"

"It is certainly a visit," replied Clinton, "for which, Miss Travers, we ought to offer the deepest apology; but if it may seem offensive, although it is not intended to be so, I alone am responsible for it, and ought to offer the apology, which I do sincerely, and ask your pardon."

"Oh, Mr. Clinton," she replied, "I have the pleasure of knowing who *you* are, and I believe you incapable of offering an unnecessary offence to any person, much less a female placed in my peculiar circumstances; but, in the meantime, you have not accounted for the presence of yourself and this gentleman here."

"That's very easily done, Miss—Miss Travers is it?" said Doolittle; asking Clinton, parenthetically, "why the deuce don't you introduce me, Clinton?"

"Miss Travers, Mr. Doolittle—that is, Captain Doolittle—a perfect hero among the ladies, Miss Travers; but whether he will carry his conquests farther, is yet to be known."

"Oh, the inhuman man!" exclaimed Miss Travers, with a smile in which there was a good deal of sarcasm, "is this he; I have heard of him, and I think he is known as the *Lady-killer*!"

"And I wish I could add you to the number of my victims, Miss Travers," replied Doolittle, with a grin; "your age and experience would render such a triumph an honour."

"Gentlemen," said Miss Travers, somewhat nettled, "you have not explained your presence here?"

"It is easily done, Miss Travers," replied Doolittle. "Will you have the goodness to point out a young lady named Maria Brindsley? and I beg to assure you that I have no object in this request that can be in the slightest degree offensive to her; I only wish to make myself certain of her identity."

"That is she, sir," replied Miss Travers, pointing her out; "but I really cannot understand this," she proceeded, with something like astonishment.

"Well now," added Doolittle, "will you be so good as to point me out Miss Bennet?"

"There she is," replied Miss Travers again; "but really this is very strange, Captain Doolittle, and I beg you will explain it."

"Why—a—a—nothing but a wager," replied Doolittle, evidently much mortified at having been made a dupe of; "I thought—or rather was led to think—that this young woman," pointing to Miss Bennet, "was Maria Brindsley, but I find I was mistaken; that is all. Clinton, you have won the wager!"

Clinton felt mortified in turn, especially in the presence of Maria, at the bare imputation of making such an indelicate and ungentelemanly wager.

"Never mind him, Miss Travers, nor you, Miss Brindsley; I assure you I never made, nor am I capable of making such a wager. Nothing on earth could induce me to make Miss Brindsley the subject of a wager, or of any thing that does involve the highest respect for her on my part. *She*, at least, is incapable of making a false representation of herself, or of assuming the name and character of another, for the unworthy purpose of injuring the reputation of that other. Your conduct is now set in its true and proper light, Miss Brindsley, and Captain Doolittle can be no longer misled by that young woman, who ungenerously and basely took your name upon her—"

"Hold, Clinton!" said Doolittle, interrupting him; "enough of this."

"No, sir," returned Clinton, whose brow was red with indignation at the risk which Maria's character had run by Bennet's profligacy and imposture, "I will not hold. I tell you now, Miss Travers, that she is a young woman of improper morals, and utterly unworthy to associate or live with those interesting young persons whom I see about me."

"Good-bye, Clinton!" said his companion; "you are a d—d goose, and so I will leave you to cackle away there as long as you like."

"Don't go, Captain," said Miss Travers, "at least for a minute or two. As for Miss Bennet, I assure you,

Mr. Clinton, she will not be two hours, nor one, under this roof. I had, even before your visit here, gentlemen, discovered her treachery to that innocent and pure-minded girl, Maria Brindsley, and the diabolical attempts which she made to ruin her character. Miss Bennet, prepare your things, you must leave this house immediately! Your iniquity and profligacy are laid bare, and you must, with as much alacrity as possible, take yourself out of this establishment. The pit which you dug for that sweet girl must now receive yourself."

"Feth, and a knowed it would come to this," observed Betty McClean, "and am the very girl that made the mistress acquainted with your whole conduct. I watched you well, and if it wasn't that I respect the dacent girls that's to the fore, deil a one o' me but would expose you like a scarecrow. Aff wi' ye now, you have been too long here, but thank God, you weren't able to do the mischief against Maria Brindsley that you intended. Pack aff, then, out o' this, and fair weather be eather ye, whatever may be before ye."

Now, we are bound to say, that a shade of any feeling indicative of shame at this severe exposure of her conduct, or of that agitation which one might suppose it must naturally occasion, was not visible even for a moment upon the very handsome face of the Dublin belle. Her self-possession and the intrepidity of her assurance were astonishing. Indeed, if she felt anything at all, it evidently was the most supreme contempt for every one around her. The serenity of her smile was unbroken, and, in truth, we may add, that it was worthy of a better cause. Nay, she did not even glance at Doolittle, nor seem once to notice him, but kept humming a tune in a low voice, as if to indicate her scorn of the whole company.

When Betty McClean had concluded, the lady rose up to leave the room, and on reaching the door, she turned round, and with a good deal of ironical grace, made them a low curtsy, but uttered not a single syllable,—and so we dismiss her from our pages.

Clinton and Doolittle now took their departure, the former having still further apologized to Miss Travers, to whom he now explained in the parlour the cause of his former visits as well as of this, assuring her that it was his anxiety to save the reputation of Maria in the first instance, and his determination to take her out of the false and dangerous position in which the malignant antipathy—for he could call it nothing else—of Miss Bennet had placed her that, had brought him there accompanied by Doolittle, on that occasion. She highly applauded his conduct, and assured him that Maria was worthy of all the interest which either he or any man living, no matter what his rank might be, could feel for her; a sentiment in which Clinton expressed his hearty concurrence.

In the meantime, Doolittle, who was waiting for him outside, addressed him as follows, when he made his appearance:—

"Clinton, I offer you every apology; it is I that am the goose; that d—d jade bit me fairly."

"Fairly!"



"No, not fairly, she duped me egregiously; but still, she is devilish handsome, although by no means so beautiful as the other; yet I thought I had no right to complain, but I certainly never suspected that she had assumed her name. What do you think was the cause of it?"

"Why, envy of her beauty, and a wish, I should suppose, to get her out of the establishment. This principle operates strongly with women, and may be too frequently illustrated by the analogy of ambition or superior excellence among men."

"Clinton I don't wish to press you on the point, but my impression is that you love the other girl;—I say I don't press you, but it is no harm to caution you to be on your guard, and not, in fact, to make a fool of yourself about her."

"That's a point, Doolittle, in which I require no instructions from you or any man. I trust I am able to regulate my own conduct as I ought."

"My dear fellow, do not be angry; I meant well, and in kindness."

"I am not angry, Doolittle, and I believe you *did* mean well; but that girl is fit to be—ahem—angry! no, so far from that, I feel perfectly delighted and happy at the result of this day's visit, simply because I have satisfied——"

"Me?"

"No, faith, but myself."

"Rather enigmatical that, but let it pass. You surely would not think of marrying her?"

"And why not, if I took the notion?"

"Why, nothing, only in that case you would have to travel towards Coventry—in other words, you should sell out."

"Well, and suppose I should?"

"Why, to be sure that's your own affair; but you should think of your family and connexions."

"Doolittle, my good friend, don't become a Solon on our hands. When you have it from good authority that I am about to marry her, it will be time enough for you to speak. In the meantime, until then, I shall trouble you not to introduce the subject to me again, and her name not at all."

After their return to barracks, Clinton rode out to the country, and sooth to say, it would be difficult either to detail or attempt to develop his thoughts and sensations. That he loved Maria Brindsley was now a fact which his own heart could no longer dispute; but what was to be done? The moral code of the mess-room was that love on the part of a British officer for a girl in her situation of life meant nothing but that mere animal passion which prompts to seduction. Here, however, was a very different species of affection. Here were virtue, purity, firmness, and self-respect, associated with the most brilliant and marvellous beauty, with a grace so natural—yet so delicate and fascinating—with an intellect and ease of expression which were but seldom excelled, even among the high and educated. Here, in fact, was everything calculated to fire a young and ardent imagination; everything but birth

and fortune alone; but, although he could not elevate her birth, he could raise her to fortune. In fact, his feelings were in a perfect whirlwind; he could scarcely think of any other object, and so completely was he absorbed in the contemplation of it, that he began to feel a disrelish for society, and a corresponding love of solitude. The great object of his immediate existence was to see her, for in fact, her image was associated with that wonderful charm of delight and ecstasy which always characterises first love, but no other, for alas, it is the Eden of youth into which the heart can never enter a second time. This active and perpetual contemplation of her, was not, however, unattended by pain, amounting almost to distraction. Clinton, though warm and enthusiastic, was yet possessed of strong sense. In developing, for instance, the tendencies of his own heart, he could not help asking himself what must be the practical and ultimate result; could he marry her without dishonouring his family and connexions? Could he introduce her to the society in which he himself and all his relatives had for generations moved; and even if he should make the experiment, what would be her reception? She had fine sense, and very lady-like manners; but then she was unacquainted with those accomplishments and acquired habits, without which no woman, however naturally graceful or elegant, can acquit herself in the circles of high-bred and polished life. The conflict, in fact, between love and the spirit of the world was so severe and desperate, that it began to affect his health, and the usual buoyancy of his spirits was succeeded by such depression and melancholy, as kept him almost isolated from society. His brother-officers suspected the cause of this dejection; but as they highly respected him, and knew besides that he was not a person to be tampered with, they never alluded to Maria in his presence.

She, in the meantime, was not without her own trials and struggles in connexion with the state of her heart and affections. The warm and manly interest which Clinton had taken in her happiness by the exposure of her deadly enemy, Miss Bennet, and the candid avowal he had made of the respect which he entertained for her, sank deeply into a heart already too decidedly biased in his favour. She felt that she loved him with a most devoted and disinterested attachment; but she felt besides that that attachment, pure and generous though it was, must never be avowed, and that by the peculiar calamity of her fate, it must accompany her in secret to the grave, there to rest for ever.

Such was the condition of those two lovers, when Clinton, after the expiration of a fortnight, found that he had argued away—at least with sufficient satisfaction to his own heart—every objection which the cooler dictates of reason and prudence had suggested. He could not lead the wretched life he was passing; he could not think of tearing himself away from her; he could scarcely rest either by night or day; he had become nervous, and was visited by such lengthened fits of gloom as began to fill him with alarm. At length he resolved to seek

an interview, and to declare fully and at once that he neither could nor would live without her. This, however, he found a matter of insurmountable difficulty. Deeply as she was attached to him, she resolved never again to put herself into his power, or within his influence, and to this resolution she firmly adhered. Every attempt to see her was consequently unsuccessful; every letter was returned unopened, and in a very brief space the unfortunate young man became so outrageous, that he resolved to force his way into Miss Travers's house, and see her by violence. This resolution was conveyed in a note to Miss Travers herself, who, at the suggestion of Maria, had an interview with the Rev. Dr. Spillar, to whom she produced it, requesting, at the same time, that he would recollect the promise of protection which he had made to the alarmed girl. The reverend gentleman promised to do so and in accordance with that promise waited upon Clinton, who being ignorant of his business, and wrapped in a gloomy misanthropy, would scarcely consent to see him. At length he admitted him, and the following characteristic dialogue took place between them.

"Pray, Mr. Clinton, will you allow me to ask you, are you in your sober senses?"

"And from the nature of the question, doctor, will you allow me to ask if you are in yours?"

"I have the first claim for a reply," returned the venerable historian of A—h.

"Well, then, sir, it is my opinion that very few persons are so. I agree with Damasippus in Horace, that most men are actually mad."

"But I refer to your own case," said the other.

"Well, then, I dare say you may reckon me in the category of insanity, for if not mad, I am very near it."

"That is a paradox," replied the doctor, "for although certainly mad, you utter the language of a sane man now. Are you the author of that letter?"

Clinton looked at his letter to Miss Travers, and certainly blushed at its extravagance. "I am, sir," he replied, "I will not deny it, but I have been treated not only with harshness, but contempt."

"You are in love, I presume?"

"I am in love, I will not deny that either."

"With an humble girl?"

"No, not with an humble girl. I am not humble either in rank or birth myself; yet she is infinitely above me."

"Is she so in birth and position?"

"This is the cant of the world, doctor, and I will not hear it. It is the empty and contemptible jargon of the aristocracy, who look to little but what is external to true worth. The aristocracy of nature, virtue, and honour, constitutes a rank far more elevated than that of either wealth or title, when it possesses them not. This girl is every way my superior, and if I had the coronet of a marquis, she would honour it. I have reflected deeply upon this subject, sir; I have balanced every contingency; have calculated all the consequences, and as I am an independent man, I have no notion of sacrificing my own happiness to the prejudices of the

world. Let the world entertain its own prejudices, I shall entertain mine."

"My dear young friend, this is not love, but the insanity of love. Every passion carried to an unreasonable excess becomes insanity,—a *monomania* in fact,—and under that you unfortunately labour at the present time. Think of your family and connexions; would you disgrace them by such an ill-assorted union as this? for I will take it for granted that you have no dishonourable designs upon this girl."

"If I have, you may also take it for granted that I am an unprincipled villain. No sir, my affection for her is too pure and elevated to suffer contamination from such a thought."

"Well, but after all, you know not what you do; you are intoxicated—you are incapable of thinking or acting like a reasonable being. You say you love her; I doubt that; true love looks to the happiness of its object. Would her union with you make *her* happy? think of its consequences to herself; she will be put out of the pale of respectable society; she will not be received in it; how will this act upon you and upon *her*? she cannot change the opinions of the world, whether they may happen to be right or wrong. The world is too strong an antagonist for any individual, and it uniformly crushes every one, whether man or woman, who ventures to encounter it."

"Well, but there is no necessity for encountering it; we can retire from it, and live independently of it. I have, thank God, ample means to do so."

"After all, Mr. Clinton, perhaps you reckon without your host,—are you certain the girl loves you?"

"I must be candid with you—I *think* she does, but she certainly never told me so."

"Well, I will say that if she is the high-minded girl that you represent her to be, she will not marry you; but above all things, if she loves you with a true and honourable affection, she will never suffer you to sacrifice yourself on her account, nor will she afford you an opportunity of doing so."

This last observation startled Clinton, because, in fact, it was precisely what he apprehended. Neither could he forget that she herself had told him so, on the night of the outrage.

"In order to ascertain that," he replied, "it would be necessary that I should have at least one interview with her."

"This, my dear young friend, is perfect madness; that the object of your love is an admirable girl I believe, and that she is certainly one of the loveliest of God's creatures I know, for I have seen her frequently in church,—and besides, she has herself called on me to request that I would protect her from you—from *you*!—mark that. I now come to request that you will not in future either harass or annoy her. It is clear that she rejects your proposals, and will neither receive your letters or your visits. Now, would any man of spirit persist, after such marked and decided opposition on her part?"

"Sir, if there be truth in man, or in the eyes of

woman, I say that the girl, whatever be the motive of her present conduct, does love me. If not, then——"

"What's that? The eyes of woman! alas, poor young man, is it come to that with you? Did you never hear of such a thing as a coquette, or a flirt, who use their eyes only for the very purpose of alluring and deceiving. You are, poor youth, in a drowning state, and would, I see, fain catch at the straw before you sink—The eye of woman! listen, however, and if you will follow my advice, you may yet extricate yourself out of the toils which the beauty of this girl has spread about you; undertake a course of history—it is a calm, sedate study, and will develop reflection, coolness, and judgment, but above all history, read my celebrated history of A——h. That is my last and most serious advice to you."

"But, my dear doctor," replied Clinton, anxious to have a hit at him for the obvious want of sympathy which his whole conversation and conduct indicated, "I assure you, my dear doctor, that I don't require your book; I can sleep perfectly well without it."

"Oh, then in that case you must not imagine yourself in love," replied the doctor. "And now, before you go, pledge yourself that you will not annoy this girl. She has placed herself under my protection as a clergyman, and I have promised that she shall not do so in vain. All I can say then is, that if you persist in harassing her, I must consider your conduct unworthy of your rank as a gentleman, unmanly and insulting to her, and deeply offensive to myself."

"Do not be mistaken, doctor. I entertain every respect for both you and her, but I declare before heaven, that I will neither rest myself, nor allow her to rest, until I hear my fate finally pronounced by her own lips. On this I am resolved, and I shall keep the resolution, let the consequences be what they may. I cannot bear this state of suspense, and I will not—I would prefer death itself to the life I lead, and the agony I suffer."

"Heaven knows," replied the kind-hearted doctor, now considerably moved by what he saw the unhappy young man enduring, "I feel more deeply for you than you imagine; but as you appear to be so perfectly uncontrollable, will you promise me to take no step with reference to this girl, until you either see or hear from me again."

"Unquestionably I promise it, but upon the sole condition that you will not keep me long in this state of cruel and depressing uncertainty.—Alas! my dear sir, if you knew what I suffer, you would feel deeply for me. I am honourable, and it is in the spirit of honour that I wish to act."

As he uttered these words his feelings completely overcame him, and his fine manly eyes filled with tears. The old clergyman pressed his hand, and assured him he would soon either hear from or see him again.

"This," said he to himself as he went along, "is a case which cannot be overlooked, or left to its own operations. I have never read or heard out of worthless works of fiction of such a desperate position as this

young man is in. It is certainly better, I think, that he should see her and hear his doom, and whether it may be for his good or his evil, heaven only knows, but I really fear that he is incapable of bearing this state of suspense much longer without some consequent injury either to his health, or intellect, if not to both."

He accordingly turned his steps towards the residence of Miss Travers, with whom he had a long conversation, and to whom, under the most solemn seal and promise of secrecy, he communicated Clinton's anxiety to see Maria, who, he thought, might without impropriety favour him with at least one interview. The old maid felt flattered by the confidence now reposed in her, and as she hoped that the interview alluded to might possibly close all further communication between them, she immediately assented to it. A difficulty, however, yet remained, which she thought they had better ascertain at once. Would Maria consent to see Clinton? This was a problem which could not be solved without herself, and Miss Travers proposed that they should send upstairs and request her attendance.

"Your presence here, sir," said she, "and your sanction to such a meeting, may induce her to give it when every other argument might fail."

She was accordingly sent for, and in a few minutes entered the room with a cheek—especially on unexpectedly finding Dr. Spillar there—occasionally red and pale by turns.

"Maria, my dear," said Miss Travers, "here is Dr. Spillar, who wishes to make a proposal to you."

Now, Maria was not without a strong sense of humour, and the notion that the good old historian had unluckily been smitten by her beauty, filled her with such an impression of the ridiculous, that she could not forbear smiling, and was very near laughing outright. Having composed herself a little, however, she ventured to ask,

"Pray, what may be the nature of the proposal, Miss Travers?"

"Dr. Spillar himself will tell you, Maria; he can explain it much better than I."

Maria began to feel uneasy, and looked with a kind of apprehensive enquiry at the old gentleman.

"My dear," said the doctor, "ahem—it is the old song and the old subject—love."

"But I did not suppose, sir, that you could feel such a thing as love at your years."

The doctor, however, at once saw the error into which she had been led, and hastened to set her right.

"My dear child," said he, "surely you cannot suppose that the proposal comes from myself?"

"And pray, sir, from whom does it come?" she asked.

"From an unhappy gentleman whom your beauty has captivated, and of whom you know something—from Lieutenant Clinton."

The tell-tale blushes were again at work. At length she replied—"Will you have the goodness, sir, to explain yourself more fully?"

"I will not dwell upon his state of mind," he proceeded; "his proffers are honourable—proffers of legitimate marriage—but pray, observe that I do not identify myself with any such proffers, neither do I countenance them; with such offers I have nothing to do."

"But do you believe him serious in them, sir?"

"Most assuredly I do; but the object of my visit here now is to recommend you to afford him one interview, in order that he may hear his fate from your own lips. Anything, even the taking away of all hope, is better and more endurable than the suspense he suffers. It may save yourself from much future trouble and annoyance; for as certain as he has life, he will keep such a siege to this house as may not be creditable to its reputation, at least in the eyes of the ignorant, who may misinterpret his visits to it, unless you consent at least to one interview."

"Well, sir," she replied, "under your advice and with your sanction, I will give him one interview; but pray, mark me, had you deemed his offers of marriage *not* serious, I would not have seen him at all; but now that you assure me they *are* so, I will."

(TO BE CONTINUED IN OUR NEXT.)

## CONQUERED LANGUAGES.

THE BAS BRETON.

BY JULIA KAVANAGH.

THE songs and ballads of a people are its real epic. In them a nation embodies its hopes and fears, its loves and its sorrows. The romances of the Spaniards are a nobler record of national existence than Tasso's *Gerusalemme liberata*; and the whole literature of France has nothing so significant and so poetic as the old ballads which the peasants of Brittany sing in a language fast passing away. These melancholy and dramatic poems have neither the lyrical grace nor the exquisite music of our old Irish strains, but they are more powerful, and though not more poetic, certainly more effective compositions.

Part of their charm lies in their singular distinctness, and we think they are distinct, because the country in which they sprang, though often disturbed by war, yet had peace and leisure enough to embody its domestic annals in song. Nations, like individuals, are taught by sorrow, but like them they require a certain amount of rest and happiness to make that teaching good. Continued calamity warps the delicate perception without which there is no art, and though long sorrows give tenderness and pathos, they turn too much the poet's eye from that source of all beauty and freshness—the external world. Thus our older poems are in many respects our best; they have lost almost all present interest; they relate battles fought before European society was in existence, or they embody legends which the people have forgotten; but they are marvellously clear, precise, and vigorous, and there is something epic in their way of telling a story which our later effusions

seem to have lost, and which all their plaintive beauty cannot replace.

It is this epic faculty which is so remarkable in the ballads of Brittany, and especially in those which belong to the middle ages, when all the genius and strength of the people were concentrated within the narrow bounds of their own territory. A new day has arisen since then; French has conquered the old Celtic speech, and Celtic genius has poured itself forth in the once foreign language; political feuds have died away, and passions that once burned fiercely have lost their ardour. A literary reaction there has been, but essentially different in its form and purpose from that of southern France. There the vivacious spirit of the people has asserted itself with unexpected power and freshness; men of education and genius have resuscitated the fallen speech of their country, and out of what seemed a mere dialect of French, Italian, and Spanish, made once more a language for the poet to sing in and men to honour.

Not thus has it been with Brittany. For the last thirty years it has been the most popular province in France. Breton peasants have been painted in every attitude; young ladies have sung all that can very well happen to a Breton during the whole course of his life; to please the public popular novelists have ransacked the history and the traditions of a race once detested; poets have embodied their customs and their legends in charming verses; the scenery of their country, wild and interesting, it is true, but without the luxuriant and romantic beauty of other parts of France, has been visited by numberless tourists; so exclusive indeed has been the attention bestowed on this strip of western coast, that it has been almost unjust to the provinces less favoured. Though conquered in the political contest, the Breton has prevailed over his conqueror; with the proverbial tenacity of his race, he has at least asserted his individuality, and compelled a homage all the more significant for being involuntary. For if the Bretons are popular it is because they have willed it. They have declared themselves to be a remarkable people, and their faith in their own power has passed to others. They were certainly the first to proclaim the beauty of their national poetry; they were the most assiduous in collecting it, in publishing it to the world, and they had no rest till the world came round to their way of thinking; admired them as a people, praised their wild scenery, their legends, and their ballads, and gave them all that can well be given to a finally conquered race: generous sympathy and good will.

With this Brittany seems satisfied: she asks for no more; she claims nothing for the still living speech, the last relic of her national existence. Her geniuses write in French; in French her antiquarians and archaeologists publish their researches. The people alone, faithful to the past, still sing in the language of their fathers. But alas! it must be confessed, their songs are but a subdued echo of the noble ballads bequeathed to them by their ancestors. There is a grave and poetic feeling in these last strains, but where is the vigour, the power, the fervour of the first as they were



uttered in the language which in all sincerity the Breton held to be the noblest spoken by man? The language is conquered, and with defeat has come decay, soon to be followed by death.

All the more interesting are the relics which remain of a literature once so vigorous, and still so beautiful in death. For dead, or all but dead, must we consider it. The charm which will bind so long the Spaniards to their noble "*Romances antiguos*," the English to their free and joyous ballads, cannot long endure for the Bretons; railroads and education will prevail utterly over the old speech, which is slowly retreating before them, and the ballads of Brittany will become for all her sons, what they already are for too many: fine literary fragments in a foreign tongue. The magic of home, of early associations, of all that endears the rudest strains to a gentle heart, will be lost for ever.

With a presentiment of that time, the Bretons have been gathering together these venerable relics for the last seventy years; timidly at first, for they felt ridicule lying in wait for them—and ridicule is formidable in France—but boldly of late, they have collected all, or almost all that the tenacious memory of their race had been hoarding for ages. They have been rewarded by the surprise and admiration which literary treasures so unexpected awoke everywhere.

M. de la Villemérqué's collection is the best, or to speak more correctly, it is the only good one. Though Cambry's first fragments appeared when he was a child, little or no progress was made for nearly half a century. It was during that space of time that the materials of M. de la Villemérqué's volumes were collected by his mother and himself. Charitable, like almost all the noble Breton ladies, Madame de la Villemérqué once assisted a poor woman, whose anxiety to show her gratitude to her benefactress amounted to importunity. At length the kind lady, willing to gratify her, said kindly, "Sing me a song."

The poor woman's song proved to be a fine ballad. Struck with its beauty, Madame de la Villemérqué began collecting others of the same kind. Her taste passed to her son, who went over all Lower Brittany in his poetical search. He found the peasants mistrustful, cold, and reserved. Certain songs they would impart on no account, holding them gifted with magic power, and not to be surrendered so lightly to strangers. But the influence of the priests and the nobles ended by conquering their reluctance, and in 1839 M. de la Villemérqué was enabled to publish the first edition of his "*Barraa Breiz*." It was at once translated into several languages. Since then other editions have appeared, with new ballads that are almost finer than the first. The work is familiar to many under its late as well as its early form, but it is a blank to many more. To none of Celtic blood ought it, however, to be unknown; it is one of our noblest records, and as much a national memorial of our race as our own exquisite Irish music. But, though they are unmistakably Celtic, these ballads are also racy of the soil on which they sprang, and they are Breton to the heart's core. Quo-

tations will best show their true character, yet it can certainly be premised that they will bear comparison with those of any nation. They have not the chivalrous tone of the Spanish "*Romances*," still less the love of physical enjoyment, forest liberty, and manly sports which have been so pleasantly perpetuated in the English ballads of the "*Robin Hood*" class; but they breathe a stern dignity, a wild and poetic imagination as remarkable as their power and artistic skill. The latter, indeed, is one of their most striking features, and, like our national music, suggests a high state of cultivation. It has been the aim of a modern school of literature to emulate, until they have made them common, such dramatic and interrogative openings as that of the "*Tower of Armor*."

"Ye men of the sea, who amongst you has seen, at the top of the tower which rises by the shore; at the top of the round tower of the castle of Armor, who amongst you has seen Madame Azenor kneeling?"

"We have seen Madame Azenor kneeling at her window in the tower. Her cheeks were pale, her robe was black, but her heart was calm."

And the legend—for Azenor is a saint—proceeds to tell us her history and the death that awaited her; how fire will not burn the unjustly accused wife, nor the sea drown her; how an angel spreads his wings and guides the boat in which she has been sent forth to perish, and how her innocence is finally recognised by her husband; but the great hold on our attention dates from those first lines in which we see the pale lady kneeling at her window, on the eve of the day appointed for her execution. Instead of beginning at the beginning, the natural and primitive method, so general, for instance, in the old English ballads, the poet first makes us face the catastrophe, then tells us what brought it on, and what followed it; a process which savours of an advanced school of art, and which we find in the great classic epics as well as in the historical novel of the last two hundred years.

The "*have you seen*," with which the "*Tower of Armor*" opens is suggestive, however, of a very interesting consideration: was this one of the ballads which, judging the past from the present, were the work of more than one person? For, though some of the modern ballads of Brittany have known and distinct authors, it is also certain, and the fact does infinite credit to the poetic faculty of the people, that many are composed aloud by more than one person. For instance, the following graceful and tender elegy on the death of a young girl, is the joint production of two young peasant girls of Cornouailles, sisters, answering each other by the winter hearth. It is founded on a poetic belief that the maiden whose coffin can be strewn with the first flowers of spring is sure of paradise.

"He who could have seen Jeff on the shore, with her bright eyes and her rosy cheeks;

"He who could have seen Jeff at the pardon (a pilgrimage), would have felt his heart glad.

"But he who could have seen her on her bed would have wept with compassion for her.

"For the poor, sick maiden, pale as a summer lily,

"She said to her companions who sat around her bed,

"My companions, if you love me, do not weep, in the name of God;

"You know well that all must die; God himself died on the cross.

"As I went to fetch water from the spring, the nightingale sang sweetly;

"The month of May is passing by, and with it the flowers of the hedge are going.

"Happy the maidens who die in the spring.

"As the rose leaves the bough, so youth leaves life;

"The first flowers will be scattered over those who die within a week.

"And from those flowers they will rise to heaven like the down from the calix of roses.

"Jefik, Jefik, you know not what the nightingale has said;

"The month of May is passing by, and with it the flowers of the hedge are going.

"When the poor girl heard this she crossed her hands,

"Lady Mary, I will say an Ave Maria in your honour."

"That it may please God, your son, to have mercy on me.

"That without delay I may go and wait for my companions in paradise.

"Scarcely was her prayer ended when she bowed her head.

"She bowed her head and closed her eyes,

"And then the nightingale was heard singing,

"Happy the maidens who die in spring;

"Happy the maidens over whom the first flowers are scattered."

None of the ballads in the collection have more delicacy and sweetness than this beautiful song; but though a lament can be echoed by more than one person, it is not so easy for more than one to tell a story well; and whatever additions the fancy of the people may have made to them, as they came down through successive ages, we think that the historical ballads, those that relate to real events, must originally have been the work of individual minds.

The series of these ballads is very fine. We have one wild and scarcely intelligible, which urges the Breton to invade the vintages of the Gaul—proclaims the blue steel king of the battle field—and in which the bard exclaims with cruel joy: "Oh! blue steel, great king of the battle field, how bright is the rainbow on thy brow—how bright is the rainbow!" More ancient still is the heathen song of "Gwenc'hlen," in which the bard asks for Christian flesh, and foretells the time when the priests of Christ shall be tracked like wild beasts, when their blood, flowing in torrents, shall help to turn the mill, "and it shall turn all the better." This savage prediction is fourteen centuries old.

But even when the old hatred is dead, the Breton clings to its memory. The songs against his Saxon and Frank enemies are still popular. In the ballad of "Jeanne the flame," the heroic Countess of Montfort, who set fire to the French camp, we find her exulting to see her enemies burn, exclaiming, "that the harvest will be good next year, and there is nothing so good for land as the bones of the Gaul."

Not less bitter, though more recent, is the opening of the ballad of "Saint Cast," destined to commemorate

a repulse which the English sustained on the French coast, under Admiral Bligh, in 1758:

"The Bretons and the English neighbours, but none the less foes, have been created and put in this world to fight for ever.

"As I slept the other night, there was a sound of trumpets; there was a sound of trumpets in the hall; 'Saxons, Saxons, accursed Saxons,' etc.

We find the same spirit in the middle ages ballads:

"By the saints of Brittany," exclaims Du Guesclin in one, "there will be neither peace nor law whilst an Englishman is alive."

In other ballads Du Guesclin himself is dealt with harshly for having leaned too much towards the Gaul. The Breton suffered too much from his powerful neighbours to love either.

More interesting than these records of ancient hate, are some of the domestic epics included among the historical ballads, "The Clerk of Rohan," which appeared for the first time in the third edition, is one of the finest.

Baron Mathieu, Lord of Tronjoli, who had wedded the heiress of Rohan in Brittany, left her and their infant son to follow the crusaders in the thirteenth century. Tender and sad was their adieu on the threshold of the castle. Every one wept that saw it, the clerk of Rohan, to whose care the baron has left his wife and child alone, weeps not.

A year has gone by; the baron does not return, and the clerk says to the lady:

"Is it the fashion now-a-days for wives to remain widows though their husbands are living?"

"Be silent, wretched clerk, thy heart is full of sin!"

"If my husband were here he would break thy limbs."

"When the clerk heard her, he secretly went to the kennel.

"And seeing the lord's greyhound, he cut its throat. And having killed it, he wrote with its blood;

"He wrote a letter to the lord and sent it to the army.

"And that letter said: 'Your wife, dear lord, is sorely troubled.

"Your dear little wife is sorely troubled, for a misfortune that has happened.

"She went to hunt the doe, and your tan-coloured hound is dead."

"The baron having read the letter, answered it thus:

"Tell my wife not to grieve, we want not for money. If my tan-coloured hound is dead, I shall buy another when I come back.

"Yet let her not go too often to hunt the doe; for hunters are forward."

A second attempt is made by the sinful clerk. He reminds the lady that beauty fades with weeping, and that there are lovely maids in the East. She scornfully bids him begone and hold his poisoned tongue.

"When the clerk heard her, he went privately to the stables.

"He went to the baron's horse, the finest in the land.

"White as an egg and softer to the touch, light as a bird, full of spirit and fire."

.....The clerk looked at him and plunged his dagger in his breast.

"When he had killed him he wrote to the baron—

"Another misfortune has happened in the castle; he not angry, dear lord.

"Returning from a night festival, your horse broke two of its legs.

"The baron answered, 'Is it possible that my horse is killed?'

"My horse is killed, my hound is dead; cousin clerk, advise her;'

"Yet chide her not, but let her go no more to night festivals."

And now comes the catastrophe for which this long prelude has been preparing us. It is told with singular grace, delicacy, and power. The clerk imperiously bids the lady obey him or die. Exasperated by a third repulse, he throws his dagger at her, but her white angel wards the blow, and she escapes. Then, furious "as a mad dog," the clerk picks up his dagger and goes down stairs; he goes "straight to the nurse's room where the child is sleeping gently."

"The child was alone, one arm out of its cradle. One of its little arms was hanging out, the other was gathered under its head."

"Its little heart lay bare.....Alas! poor mother, you shall weep."

This is the intimation we get of the ruthless deed. After giving us this tender picture of the sleeping child, the poet could not and would not bid us look on at his murderer. Explaining nothing, and allowing us to divine all, the poet proceeds:

"And the clerk went up again and wrote in black and red. Straight he wrote to the lord: 'Make haste and return.....Your dog is dead, and so is your white horse; but it is not that grieves me most.

"Not that is it that will most grieve you: alas! your little child is dead.

"The sow devoured it whilst your wife was at the ball with the miller her lover."

The baron was returning to the joyous sound of the trumpet when he got this letter. He read it, tore it with his teeth, cast the fragments under his horse's hoofs, then rode furiously home, and struck three such blows at the castle gate that all who heard trembled. The clerk ran to open and got his welcome.

"Accursed clerk, had I not confided my wife to thee!" and in the clerk's open mouth he thrust his lance, which came out at the nape of his neck. Then he went up the staircase and broke into his wife's room, and before she could speak, he pierced her with his sword."

This is the drama, on which follows an epilogue as dramatic in its opening, but exquisitely tender towards its close.

"Sir priest, tell me what you saw at the castle?"

"I saw grief such as never was upon earth. I saw a martyr die and her murderer ready to expire with grief."

"Sir priest, tell me what you saw where the cross roads meet?"

"I saw an unburied carrion, the prey of dogs and ravens."

"And what saw you in the churchyard by moon and star light?"

"I saw a lady clad in white sitting on a new-made grave."

"A fair child sat on her knee with his heart pierced through and through."

"On her right a tan-coloured hound, on her left a white steed.

"The first with its throat cut; the second with its breast pierced.

"And stretching their heads, they licked her soft hands.

"And smiling, she caressed them one after the other.

"And the child, jealous like, caressed its mother,

"Until the moon set—then I saw nothing more. But I heard the nightingale singing the songs of Paradise."

It is needless to point out how beautiful is this gathering of all the innocent and suffering creatures, the hound, the steed, the child, and its mother in one fold of peace and happiness, listening all alike to the songs of Paradise. Indeed these ballads are not more remarkable for dramatic power than for pathos, of the most concise kind it is true, such pathos as a taciturn, grave people can indulge in, but all the more effective for its brevity. Delicacy and sweetness mark the close of the "Clerk of Rohan" spite its tragic cast; the pathos there is full of tenderness; there is a holy calmness in the priest's vision of the white-clad lady sitting on her new-made grave with her child on her knees, whilst the stars are shining in the sky and the nightingale is singing sweetly, until all fades away with the dawn of day. But sombre and desolate indeed is the end of one of the finest ballads—"Bran." The ballad itself is made up of simple matter, common enough in the days of chivalry. It bears a striking likeness to several of the same cast, and one of the chief incidents, the black sail, is as old as mythology, and can be found in the old romance of Sir Tristrem. Bran, the knight, whose name meant raven in Breton speech, has been wounded.

"He has been wounded in the fight of Kerloan. In the fight of Kerloan by the sea was wounded the grandson of Bran the Great.

"He was made prisoner spite our victory, and taken beyond the seas."

The captive knight sickens and sends a messenger to his mother requesting her to redeem him. If she can pay his ransom, let the sails of the vessel be white, and black if she cannot. A cruel warder, who sees the ship coming with her white sails outspread to the wind, deceives his prisoner. The sail is black, he says; the captive's heart breaks, and with a sigh he expires as his mother lands on shore.

"And the lady said to the people of the town as she landed: 'What news is there? I hear the bells tolling.'

"An old man answered the lady: 'A captive knight whom we had here is dead.'

"He had scarcely spoken when the lady went up to the tower,

"Running and weeping, her white hair loose,

"So that the people of the city marvelled much to see her:

"To see a strange lady thus mourning in the streets;

"So that every one inquired, 'Who is she, and from what country?'

"As she reached the foot of the tower, the poor lady said to the warder,

"Quick, open quickly, that I may see my son."

"And, when the door was open, she cast herself on the body of her son.

"She pressed him in her arms, and rose no more."

Here the ballad might have ended, for the story is told. It is told so far as this life is concerned; but whereas in "the Clerk of Rohan" we had after the death of the injured wife and all the gentle harmless creatures who shared her fate, the beautiful and consoling vision of their happiness, here we are tormented with a sorrow beyond the grave, with an exile's pining for native land which survives death itself. After telling us how the grieving mother sank by the dead body of her heart-broken son, the poet proceeds, without transition or explanation, to place before us the following wild and bleak picture:—

"On the battle field of Kerloan there is a tree that commands the shore;

"There is an oak on the spot where the Saxons fled before the face of Evan the Great.

"On that oak, when the moon shines, birds gather every night;

"Sea birds, with black and white plumage, and a small stain of blood on their forehead.

"With them an old grey crow; with her a young raven.

"They are very weary, both of them, and their wings are wet. They come from afar beyond the seas.

"And the birds sang so beautiful a song that the great sea was silent.

"They sang it all together, all, save the crow and the raven;

"And the raven said, 'Sing ye little birds, sing!

"Sing, little birds of the country, ye did not die away from Brittany!"

Nothing is forgotten in that dreary picture that can make it more dreary. The battle-field by the sea-shore and its solitary tree suggest only the most desolate images. The sea-birds that gather on its boughs when the moon shines, the sea-birds signed with blood remind one of some ancient belief old enough to have become vague and dim; we feel at once that they are not birds, but strange eerie creatures. Childish though it may seem, the appearance of the old grey crow and the young raven in this ghost-like company, has something unearthly. They come with wet and weary wing, and we know them, even thus disguised; we know them though the poet condescends to no other explanation than that afforded by the pathetic address of the raven: "Sing: ye did not die away from Brittany."

Not to die, but to die away from Brittany, then, was the great sorrow. It was this which broke the rest of the grave, which brought the exile back to the fatal battle-field of Kerloan, and there doomed him to mourn for ever a life ended on a foreign shore.

The scenery of Brittany is wild and sad, and the character of the people is neither open nor joyous. The best ballads are all tragic or melancholy, and even when they are not sorrowful, they utterly fail in geniality. They are essentially the songs of a people who knew better how to suffer and to sacrifice than how to enjoy. The passion so characteristic of our Irish songs is here austere conquered, and the love of good cheer, the merry woodland life of "merrie England" seem unknown. That subjection of the heart is well shown in the story of poor Jannik,

## I.

"When little Jannik kept sheep, he little thought to become a priest.

"Neither priest nor monk shall I be: I have set my heart on the young girls."

"His mother came and said: 'Thou art shrewd, my son Jannik.

"Leave thy sheep, come home; thou must go to school at Quimper.

"Study to become a priest and bid young girls farewell."

## II.

"The fairest maidens in the land were the daughters of the lord of Faou.

"They shone amongst other maidens as the moon shines amongst the stars.

"Each rode a white palfrey when they came to the pardon at Pont Aven."

\* \* \* \*

"Each wore a green silk robe, and chains of gold around her neck.

"The youngest is the fairest; she loves Jannik, it is said.

"Four clerks were my friends, all four became priests.

"My hearts is sore for Jannik Flécher, the last."

## III.

"As Jannik was going to receive holy orders, Genevieve stood on the threshold of her dwelling;

"She stood on the threshold embroidering lace;

"Embroidering lace with silver thread; it would cover a chalice well.

"Jannik Flécher, believe me, do not go and receive holy orders;

"Do not go and receive holy orders on account of what has past."

"I cannot go home, for I should be called perjured."

"Then you have forgotten all that has been said about us two.

"Have you lost the gold ring I gave you when we were dancing?"

"I have not lost your ring of gold; God has taken it from me."

"Jannik Flécher, come back and I will give you all I have.

"Jannik, my friend, come back and I will follow you everywhere.

"I will put on wooden shoes, and go and work with you.

"If you will not heed my prayer bring me extreme unction."

"Alas! I cannot follow you, for I am held by God.

"The hand of God holds me fast, and I must go and receive holy orders."

## IV.

"Returning from Quimper he passed by the manor.

"Hail, lord of Rustefar, hail to you all, high and lowly!

"Hail and happiness to you all, high and lowly, more than I have, alas!

"I am come to bid you to my first mass."

"Ay, we will go to your mass, and my offering on the plate shall be the first.

"Twenty crowns shall I put on the plate, and your godmother, my lady, shall put ten to honour you, oh priest."

## V.

"As I neared Pen-al-Lenn going also to mass, I saw a crowd of people running terrified.

"Old woman, tell me, is mass over then?"

"Mass is begun, but he could not end it;

"He could not end it with weeping for Genevieve;

"Three large books has he wet with his tears."

"And the young girl came and fell at the feet of the priest.

"Stop Jann, in the name of God, you cause my death."



And how does this sad love drama end? The poet will tell us in a few short words, and with remarkable delicacy :

## VI.

"Sir Jann Flécher is now rector in the burgh of Nison, and I who composed this song, I have often seen him weeping near the tomb of Genevieve."

The same refinement is shown in the concluding stanza of another ballad—"The Marriage Girdle," in which moreover we find a striking coincidence with one of the most beautiful and favourite passages in Shakespeare's *Romeo and Juliet*. A knight must go with his liege lord to help Owen Glendower against the English; before going he bids his betrothed farewell.

"Alas! my sweet friend, alas! Aloïda, I must sail, I must leave you.

"I must go to England, I must follow the Baron's army. God alone knows how heavy my heart is!"

"In the name of heaven my love, do not sail! The wind is changing, the sea is treacherous!"

"What would become of me if you were to die? My heart would break not to hear from you. I should go all along the shore from dwelling to dwelling, saying: Ye seamen, have ye heard news of my betrothed?"

"The young girl wept; he endeavoured to comfort her.

"Hush, hush, Aloïda, weep not for me; from beyond the sea I will bring you back a wedding girdle, purple and sparkling with rubies."

"And you might have seen the knight seated near the fire, his beloved on his knees, her head bent, her two arms twined around his neck, weeping silently, whilst she waited for the day that was to take him away from her.

"When day broke the knight said to her: 'The cock is crowing, my fair one; it is day.' 'It cannot be, sweet friend, it cannot be; he deceives us. It is the moon that is shining, the moon that is shining on the hill.'

"—Save your grace, I see the sun through the chinks of the door; it is time to leave you, it is time to sail away."

"And he went; and on his path the magpies chattered: 'If the sea is treacherous, women are more treacherous still.'"

Is Aloïda gifted with second sight, that from the mountains of Aréz she sees the ship in which her lover is returning miserably wrecked? She weeps for him, she proclaims his death, and, before the year is out, she is married to another. The wedding day is not over, however, and, according to the ancient custom, the bride and bridegroom wait on the poor. For in Brittany the poor are "the consins of the lord;" they are "our dear brothers," and their presence must hallow the wedding feast. The bride selects one to dance with, for that is the custom too. We know who is the strange taciturn beggar, and Aloïda soon learns it to her sorrow :

"And whilst they danced, bending towards her, he murmured in her ear, laughing a green laugh: 'What have you done with the ring of gold you got from me on the threshold of this very hall, a year ago, day for day?'

"She clasped her hands, and with uplifted eyes she cried: 'My God! I had lived till now without sorrow; I thought myself a widow—and behold I have two husbands!'

"You err, my fair one, you have none!"

"And, drawing forth a dagger from beneath his vest, he so stabbed her to the heart, that she sank on her knees and bowed her head: 'My God!' she said, 'my God!' and she died."

## IV.

"In the church of the Abbey of Daoulaz there is a statue of the Virgin; it wears a girdle sparkling with rubies, and come from beyond the sea. Wouldst thou know the giver? Ask the penitent monk kneeling before it."

We do not find this significant brevity in the historical ballads of recent date. Yet surely the terrible wars of the Chouans and the Bleus were made to inspire many a strain; but as the language sank in public esteem, so the grade of the poets became lower, and their number at least more restricted. Yet all the old hatred of the Frank and all the old energy too revive in the ballad of the Bleus—the name by which the Republican soldiers were known in Brittany. There is aversion and fear in the very first stanza :

"I hear the dogs howl! here are the French soldiers. Fly to the woods; drive on the flocks before ye."

They have wasted the valleys of lower Brittany, so fat and so green of yore. The voice of men and of herds is no longer heard in them.

"If at least our eyes could weep freely; but when the man of cities sees tears flow, he sheds blood.

"If at least we would find a cross, and kneel before it to ask of God the strength that fails us; but O my God, thy holy cross has been destroyed everywhere."

The cross has been broken and desecrated, and God's image in man has been defaced. The nobles, the priests, the peasants "with the lofty brow," have been persecuted "because they were Christians."

Angels weep in heaven at the triumph of the Evil One over the land. "Rejoice, child of hell," exclaims the indignant bard, "for thou hast substituted the law of demons to the law of God; thou hast killed the priests, the nobles, and the king. Thou hast killed the queen, and made her head roll with the fair head of Elizabeth, the holy lady, her sister!"

But from royal woes, though great, the poet soon turns to the special wrongs of Brittany, that religious persecution which, with the conscription, roused her peasants to fury, and made them strive and die like heroes.

"Farewell Jesus and Mary, your statues have been broken; the Blues have paved the streets of cities with them.

"Farewell ye baptismal fonts, where we found of yore the strength of suffering, rather endure the yoke of the wicked."

"Farewell ye holy bells, that rang over our heads. No more shall we hear ye calling us to church on Sundays and holidays."

The bells have been melted to coin money for their oppressors, the statues have been torn from their shrines to pave the hated city, the old foe of the peasant, and now the last wrong is added to the count; he is called upon to become a soldier, to fight the battles of the Frank, the citizen, the Republican,—of all he has detested for ages. His parents weep over him; but he soon cheers and supports them.

"Weep not; I shall stay with you, to defend Lower Brittany."

There is sorrow in oppression, he tells them, but no shame; the only shame lies in submitting to thieves like culprits and cowards. If he must fight he will, if he must die let him, but it shall be for the cause he loves—not for that he hates. He will not fall in the ranks of the impious Blues, though he may help to send them where, as he adds, with significant energy: "They shall learn whether there is a God."

"Life for life, he adds; to kill or to be killed; God himself had to die to conquer the world."

But with these gloomy forebodings which the events of a long war justified, mingle triumphant prophecies of a happier time, "when God shall return to his altars and the king to his throne." Then the lovely valleys shall be green again, and the heart of men shall open to gladness with the wheat in bloom; then the cross of the Lord Jesus shall beam gloriously above the world, and at its foot shall blossom the fairest of lilies—"lilies watered with the blood of the Bretons."

This is the Breton's last epic song. In that sad, martyr strain, he embodied his old hatred for the Frank, at whose approach the dogs howl, who lays the green valleys waste; his passion for independence, which, spite his vigour and bravery—"a heart of steel in a body of iron," said Napoleon—makes this indomitable Celt one of the worst soldiers in the French army; and above all, that love for his faith, which makes him exult joyously in the thought of its final triumph, and be humbly content to have given his heart's blood to the beautiful lilies that blow so sweetly at the foot of the divine cross.

And yet it is somewhat singular that though a fine religious feeling pervades all these ballads, the number of the purely religious one should be limited, and their merit comparatively inferior. Veneration perhaps forbade the poet all flights of fancy, and confining himself to his subject, he thought it glory enough to relate it in all humility. We find significant allusions to Ireland in several of these legends, though mingled with some geographical mistakes. Thus we are told:

"The blessed Ronan was born of illustrious chieftains; he was born in the island of Hibernia, in the land of the Saxons, beyond the blue sea."

The most graceful of those legends relates to two other Irish saints; Efflamm and his wife Enora.

"A prince of Hibernia had a daughter to marry. She was the fairest of princesses. Enora was her name.

"Many had asked her in marriage, and she had rejected all her suitors, with the exception of Lord Efflamm, son of another prince, and who was young and handsome.

"But he had resolved to go and do penance in a hermitage in some forest far from his wife.

"And on his wedding night, as every one was in bed and sleeping soundly, he rose from by her side and left the room without making any noise.

"And he left the palace without awakening any one, and he swiftly went away with only his greyhound.

"And he came to the shore and looked for a vessel, but in vain did he look, the night was dark and he saw none.

"When the moon rose he saw a cask holed and tossed by the waves."

This perilous skiff the saint boldly enters, and he safely reaches Brittany, where he meets with King Arthur, who appears with Merlin in other ballads, delivers the land from a dragon, and builds himself a hermitage in a forest. Here he is soon joined by his faithful wife, who reaches him in the following manner.

"Strangely surprised was Enora the next morning when she awakened, asking what had happened, and what had befallen her husband.

"As water flows in streams, so did tears flow from her eyes, forsaken as she was, alas, by her friend and her husband.

She weeps, and none could comfort her; she wept the whole day and the whole night long, until from very weariness she fell asleep. In her sleep she dreamed, and she had a vision beautiful and strange; she saw her husband standing by her "beautiful as day."

"And he said to her, 'Follow me, if you will not lose your soul; follow me in solitude to work out your salvation.'

"And she answered in her sleep: 'I will follow you, my friend, where you please; I will become a nun to work out my salvation.'

"The old men have told how angels bore her sleeping in their arms beyond the great sea, and laid her on the threshold of her husband's hermitage."

Enora knew where she was when she woke; three times she knocked gently at her husband's door, softly saying: "I am your wife and your sweet one whom God has brought here." Saint Efflamm knows her voice, and rising hastily, he goes out to her, "and with beautiful words about God," he lays his hands in hers.

Then we are told how he reared her a home near his, close to the fountain, sheltered by the green broom, behind the green rock, and there they remained years, Efflamm and Enora working miracles, and filling the land with the fame of their sanctity.

"One night the men out at sea saw the heavens open, and they heard melody that filled them with delight.

"The next morning a poor woman who had lost her milk came to Enora, carrying her child that was near dying.

"But though she called at the door Enora did not open, then looking in through a chink she saw the lady lying dead.

"Bright as the sun, and the whole cabin was lit; and near her knelt a child clad in white."

Then she ran to tell the blessed Efflamm, but the door of his hermitage was wide open, and he was dead like his wife.

"That these things which have never been put in a book may not be forgotten, they have been put in verses to be sung in the churches."

And that they were sung in churches accounts, no doubt, for the sobriety of the narrative. Besides these legendary poems, there are hymns, some terrible like that on hell, that gloomy abode, locked by God himself, and of which the key is lost for ever; others sweet and consoling like that on Paradise, which a poor beggar woman who could scarcely restrain her tears, sang to

M. de la Villemarqué. It is remarkable for its tenderness and for a lingering and characteristic love of Brittany. It is long, but a few fragments will show its tone and feelings.

"Jesus! how great will be the happiness of souls when they will be before God and in his love.

"Time seems short and sorrow seems light, as I think day and night on the glory of paradise.

"When I look towards heaven, my native land, I long to fly towards it like a little white dove.

"When my chains are broken I shall rise aloft like a lark.

"I shall pass the moon to go to glory; sun and stars shall be beneath my feet.

"When I shall be far from earth, that valley of tears, I shall look down on my own Brittany."

Heaven itself cannot make that beloved Brittany be forgotten; and in the same feeling all the glories of that seat of bliss where angels hover over the blest, "like a swarm of bees over a field of flowers," cannot weaken the delight of the released souls at meeting, full of grace and glory, "our fathers, our mothers, our brothers, and the people of our country."

But though that country is still beloved, her poetical faculty, if it has not declined, has at least become more restricted. The bards and their survivors have long been gone; ballad-making has descended to the ignorant and the poor. Of styles, the test of refined art, foreigners cannot be judges, but they can of thought and feeling; and in those qualities the charming song of "the Swallows," composed by the two sisters, to whom we owe the lament over poor Jeffik, is certainly not deficient. It shall be our last quotation—

"There is a little path that leads from the manor to my village;

"A white path, with a hawthorn bush on the edge of it;

"Laden with flowers that please the lord of the manor.

"I wish I were a hawthorn blossom that he might gather me with his white hand;

"That he might gather me with his little white hand, whiter than the blossom of the thorn.

"I wish I were a hawthorn blossom that he might wear me near his heart.

"He leaves us when winter comes in the house;

"He goes towards the French country, like the flying swallow."

"When spring comes back, he also returns to us.

"When the blue corn flowers are born in the fields, and the oats blossom;

"When the goldfinch and the linnets sing.

"He returns with the festivals, he returns with our pardons.

"Oh! that we had flowers and festivals in every season.

"That we might ever see the swallows; that I might ever see them hover around the eaves."

Ay, there is the sore point. There was a time when Brittany was equally dear to all her sons, when the peasant and the lord of the manor never left her for the French country. Now that things are changed, that the old language is forsaken, like the old land, we must not be surprised if the gift of poetry has declined. For who are the poets of Brittany now? Not always delicate, though ignorant peasant girls, like the two

sisters. The tailor of the village, whom nothing escapes; the miller, who sees everything on his rounds; the cloarec, or the young student who aspires to holy orders, and stands half hesitating on the threshold of the world and of a pastor's austere life; these are the modern poets. Their songs may be beautiful, but we do not know them; they are not included in the collection. The omission is significant. Brittany has many a noble, tender, and heroic strain, but it is in the past, in her conquered language, that we must seek them.

## EXILES.

BY CAVIARE.

GRAY, wrinkled wanderers, on shores remote,

And lands forlorn, where the swallow's wing  
Drops on the skirts of Summer; and the throat  
Of the green linnet bubbleth not to Spring;

Brown toilers, fugitives from fairer skies,

The star-vaults of the meeting west and north,  
Inheritors of mournful histories,  
Whose sweat has colonised the teeming earth;

Rare women, beautiful and sad and chaste—

As twilight dews upon your native heaths,  
What time the April blows with rainy haste,  
And the swart cowslip in the hedges breathes;

From many lands, from myriad willow glooms,

From the cold rivers of captivity—  
From monuments, from households, and from tombs,  
Your faint, sweet voices float across the sea.

I hear them—not in many broken wails,

But in one wild funereal orison  
Gathered, as a hundred separate sails  
Mass to a single snow-cloud in the sun.

I hear them rising like a choral woe,

Rolled along battle-fields beside the main—  
A breathing misery, chaunted loud and low,  
From the great torture of a people's brain.

For unto you and me belong no more,

The swords and cymbals of a victor race;  
The seething craftsmen on the humming shore,  
The powers that terrify, the arts that grace.

We live on bleared traditions of old days—

Vast fables builded on the sands of truth,  
From which shine out, through immemorial haze,  
Gleams of our broken strength and faded youth.

We couch at sunset around burial mounds

Girt with the solemn presences of death;  
In holy kirks and consecrated grounds,  
Whose stones are testimonies to our faith.

Still rolls the world ; but unto us no change  
Comes with the busy action of the years ;  
Suns rise and set ; the golden seasons range  
Through the frost-pierced or purple atmospheres.

Could bruised hands crush the brazen throat of might,  
We should not wield the distaff but the lance ;  
Could tears and prayers dispel this living night,  
The heavens should quake and yield deliverance.

And yet we trust ; and hungering longings fill  
Our hearts for the green copse and sunny thatch ;  
The quiet water by the peak-roofed mill,  
The dear familiar finger on the latch ;

The daisied meadows and the breathing kine,  
The evening gatherings by gables brown,  
The old, white chapel with its bells divine,  
The blue fog hovering o'er the inland town.

Yea, more than these—remembered tones and looks  
Which in our dreams find faintest counterparts—  
Clear as the glitter of the July brooks  
The wild, white lilies blowing in their hearts.

The holy graveyards where our dead repose,  
Round roofless ruins in the hazel woods ;  
Where the sad Summer breeds her fairest rose,  
And March fans into life the violet buds.

O friends forlorn, while holy faith and trust  
Kindle such God-like passions in our soul,  
We need not grovel in the charnel dust,  
Nor chaunt one long eternity of dole.

The corn-seed gathered from the shrivelled palm  
Of him who slept for ages stark and mute,  
Sown in the fallow, blossomed in the calm,  
And Heavenward bore again its perfect fruit.

#### MODERN ART: PRE-RAPHAELITISM.

THE season has once more come, when picture-galleries fling open their doors with a promise of zest and quiet thought to all weary worldlings who choose to enter. With becoming taste they seem to follow in the footsteps of Nature, who also, at this happy time, invites wanderers to her galleries in the woods and valleys where blossoms nod their heads, and leaves clap their hands, and everything sings a carol for merry Summer. It is meet that it should be so: Art is but the hand-maid of Nature, and meekly follows in her train. One of Art's noblest duties is to sing the praises of her mistress. Seated, as she too often is, under the depressing shadows of dingy buildings, where the din of thoroughfares is the poor substitute for the soft murmurs of streams and waving of branches, it is her task to describe, in forcible language, the manifold beauties with which Heaven has clothed this world of ours.

It is a true and beautiful, though limited definition, written by a great thinker on the subject, that "Art is but the expression of man's delight in God's work." Applied in this way, Art is certainly noble and holy; but it has other meanings, deeply interesting to all of us who have wandering thoughts and secret emotions that are but little affected by the outer world. Admiration, love, pity, sympathy for goodness and heroism, contempt for all things mean and sordid; these, and a thousand other elevating sentiments that sometimes float over our hearts like the whisperings of angels, have all to be awakened or intensified by Art when she is at her best, and exercising her highest ministry. Some there are, no doubt, who question the propriety of painting attempting such things, and would burn its Icarus wings for soaring so high. Such people want only an unobtrusive, piquant luxury, that may help to dally an idle hour away something in the style of a noiseless juggler. Thought and teaching want they none. Stones have no sermons for them: the books in the running brooks are sealed for ever to their narrow vision. Well, let them have their easy pleasure, provided it is sinless: the sunshine gladdens all, the flowers fling their odour on all, the birds in the forest sing for all. But if to others the sunshine suggests to the heart God's bountiful providence, and the black-bird's song sounds like the vesper notes from Nature's cloister, let such imaginings not meet a sneer, for many great and good men that we read of were susceptible of similar fancies. And if the painter attempts to strike a higher chord in our souls than simple, thoughtless joy, let us turn from his pictures if we will, but humbly, for the next passer-by may feel his influence, and become a higher being.

Art appeals to all; the means she adopts to do so are as manifold as are our thoughts and states of life. The weary man, tottering through life in the depths of the grim city, finds his heart revisited by the sweet recollections and gladness of youth, as his eye rests on sunny nooks, blue skies, and green lanes, like some that are fast fading from his remembrance: the student of history sees again play over their parts on the world's theatre the people whose ashes have been at rest for centuries; the lover of poetry, his brain thronging with bright fancies and habitants of the air, and who has laughed at the gambols of Puck, and wept over the sorrows of deserted Lear, blesses the art that fixes for ever in palpable beauty such "airy nothings;" and highest and best of all, Art tells over again, in the most forcible of all languages, the sublime, solemn story of our Saviour's life and passion. Voiceless, she has a soul-language, comforting, chastening, and strengthening. If such be the mission which Art has to fulfil amongst us, and we believe it is, her task is a noble one, and her disciples should take care that they perform their parts well. And let none venture to become her disciples until they are sure of being fitted to be such through ill report and good. Hers is a queenly service, and in the end attended with high honour; but the drilling of her soldiers is harassing on body



and brain. Daily toil, watchings by night, niggardly recompense or total neglect; visions of success trampled down by cruel contempt; the sickness of the heart; the mind losing its freshness; these are but the roadside jungle that choke the entrance to her royal demesne. Whoever lacketh the bravery to meet these difficulties boldly in the face, one by one, sometimes altogether, had better draw back whilst there is yet time, or assuredly life and energy will be expended in vain. Mediocrity in some cases is more contemptible than total failure. It is unworthy of one's self, lowering to Art, and a mockery to the public, to take up the profession of a painter as a sort of galaday occupation, requiring neither study nor severest toil. But any one doing so will sooner or later reap the effects of his temerity, and to his fate we will leave him. At present we ask attention to a class of artists who have lately gone to work in quite another spirit.

This brings us to the subject of our paper which we have approached in a sort of roundabout way, lest a too direct path should shock the sensitive reader who has his opinions already formed. And let us be understood before we go farther. Our intention simply is, to state facts as far as we know them concerning a certain class of painters, and to remove, if possible, all unworthy prejudices, so that as many of our readers as have occasion may form a better judgment of what is good in modern art. We wish to do so with a respect for the opinions of every thoughtful person who may chance to differ from us.

It has been our fortune to have lived a good deal amongst all classes of artists, particularly amongst those so-called Pre-Raphaelites. Incidentally, during many a pleasant stroll to Richmond and elsewhere, when the roar of the city was left behind, and our thoughts ran brisk and fresh as the wind scudding through the trees, or whilst dallying the hours away in the quiet studio of a friend, have we learned the aims and hopes of these much-talked-of Pre-Raphaelites, and studied the principles on which their work is founded. Since then, at home and abroad, in picture-galleries, drawing-rooms, and lounges of all kinds, we have heard with surprise and pain these painters held up to derision, and motives attributed to them equally false and ridiculous. Eloquent voices have now and again defended their cause, but the tide of false impression still rolls onward; this paper, which we fondly imagine to be freighted with colossal truths, is but a waif for the next wave.

Pre-Raphaelitism, what is it? First, let us briefly state what it is not, and the chances are, we will sooner arrive at a just conclusion. It is not, then, as has been said, an effort to fling art back four centuries, and introduce once more the bad drawing, false perspective, and meagre faces, which were anterior to Raphael; it is not a wilful conglomeration of ugliness, hard outlines and raw colors; and lastly, it is not elaborate and blinding finish of every possible detail that can be crowded into the canvass. Photography can finish infinitely better, Low Dutch painters nearly as well, yet both are without the pale of art in its high sense.

A host of pictures may here be arraigned against our denials, all painted by the modern Pre-Raphaelites, and all glaringly defective and offensive to good taste in the very points we have cited. The ugliness and horror of "Millais's Nuns," the unnatural glare of Wallis's "Return from Marston Moor," the palling labour visible in Hughes's "Orchard," these, and a hundred others by smaller men, seem to put at nought all our statements. But, admitting with sorrow the great defects of the above pictures, we must protest against the argument that would lay such defects to the account of true Pre-Raphaelitism. Such a conclusion would be illogical as well as unjust. As well might Christianity be charged with the grievous errors into which its followers are often led. Ignorant unbelievers and wilful scoffers have sometimes dared to sneer at holy doctrines because of the occasional frailties of good Christians; but all wise and liberal men see a wide distinction between the follies of individuals and the errors of a universal belief. Millais's painting, Hughes's painting, or Hunt's painting, is not necessarily Pre-Raphaelitism; with mighty efforts they have tried that it should be so, and much that they have done is so, but not being beyond the reach of error, they have sometimes failed. All honour to them, however, for what they have done. Heart and soul they flung themselves into what they considered a battle for truth: the prejudices of three centuries were against them, led on by academic chiefs, who had everything to lose in the conflict, but already, by the force of noble works, the victory has well nigh turned in their favour.

But what are the positive principles on which Pre-Raphaelitism is founded? These:—Truth, and a desire to make painting, by its persuasive power over the mind, contribute to the happiness, knowledge and purification of mankind. Pre-Raphaelitism founds its doctrines not on the opinions of this age or that, but on a philosophic survey of all ages. It appeals to history as a witness to its reasonableness. Art, from its decay in Greece, (though still leading a lingering existence through all the ages of Christianity) was, till the thirteenth century, a mere blank as far as the production of good pictures went. Then came the Lorenzos, Simone, Memmi, and Cimabue, the so-called father of art, whose studio gave birth to the "Borgo Allegri" in Florence, and whose picture of the virgin carried in solemn procession to the church, followed by crowds of people, formed an epoch of joy in the barren history of art. With Cimabue came the young shepherd Giotto, who changed art "du fond au comble," leaving his flocks on the hills to breathe life, health, and beauty into dead conventionalities.

What was the grand change wrought by these reformers? On all sides it is admitted to have been—a *study of Nature*. For long centuries before, Art, though pure and lofty in its purposes, dedicated as they were to the service of religion, was chained in a bondage of symbolism which prescribed to the artist traditional types which it was thought irreverent to alter. But in Giotto's age the bondage was broken: the motives remained still as high and holy, the types only were changed; Giotto threw aside the meagre types

of the Greeks, and substituted graceful and dignified personations of beauty found in the living faces around him. The colouring he changed from its usual leaden hue to the warm and joyous tints of Nature, whilst he replaced the old stereotyped, lifeless expressions by others, varied, truthful, and beautiful, from his own rich store of observation. His magnificent series of pictures from the Life of Christ, in the chapel of the Arena at Padua, painted whilst his friend Dante stood by, was the first great wave of beauty that swept away the barren restrictions which so long had paralysed the painter's efforts. The tide, once set in, rolled bravely onwards, as earnest and loving men poured into it the whole strength of their lives: Orcagna in his "Triumph of Death;" Angelico and Dalmasio in their long vistas of Angels and Madonnas; Ghiberti in his "Gates of Paradise;" Perugino in his spiritual compositions, with their gay and pastoral backgrounds; and above all, Massaccio in his grand pictures from the life of Peter in the Carmine at Florence, each and all with prayerful, solemn belief in Art as the handmaid of Religion, sought in Nature alone the elements of their highest beauty. Their conceptions were moulded in a perfection of form and colour which, like delicious perfumes, were extracted by dint of study and patient toil from the humble everyday things growing at their feet. They were a race of painters "to whom the cultivation of art was a sacred vocation, the representation of Beauty a means, not an end; by whom Nature in her various aspects was studied and deeply studied, but only for the purpose of embodying whatever we can conceive or reverence as highest, holiest, purest in heaven or earth in such forms as should best connect them with our intelligence and with our sympathies." These were the real Pre-Raphaelites of the world: Raphael himself was their apogee. They were the beautiful stars that appeared through Art's long, dim twilight; one by one they passed away again into Heaven's obscurity, but in Raphael, their glorious sun, were united the splendour and majesty of them all.

We will not venture at present into any detailed account of the works done at this period. What we want to have remembered is the fact, that Art was regenerated, and attained a perfection never attained since, simply by a close study of all natural details that could assist in the elucidation of the artist's work, and afford elements as a weft into which the bright threads of their imagination might be woven, and by the deep heartfelt belief in what legends, Bible stories and doctrines they illustrated. Raphael even was no exception to this. Blessed with every splendid gift that Heaven could confer, he might (if any are permitted to do so) have trusted solely to his genius for the production of his pictures; but he did not venture to do so till he had acquired, by long years of toil, a complete mastery in copying faithfully the objective truths of nature. Instructed by his father till the age of twelve, eight years more of incessant study in the careful school of Perugino, in which he mastered all the technicalities of the Umbrian school, and filled his soul with a love

for purely Christian subjects, prepared the Divine Raphael for his high title of "Prince of Painters." Then, and then only, after long years of severest study, did he essay his powers and try the strength of his eagle wing. His celebrated "Lo Sposalizio" was his last work as a pupil of Perugino, and gave splendid proof that his education was perfected. No wonder men were blinded then, and since, by the dazzling and triumphant works of the fifteenth century, which blended in picture hymns and painted sermons, every emotion of the heart, every heavenward aspiration of the soul, and all noble developments of man's intellect and handicraft. The Pre-Raphaelite art of those days, like God's messenger, rested one foot on the solid basis of earthly realities, the other on the shifting waves of imagination and thought; with a trumpet-tongue it summoned the Art-world from death to life; its last and best notes breathed through the soul of Raphael, and then it suddenly passed away.

Men's minds were led astray whilst they wondered at and worshipped the works of this period. Nature was concealed by the splendour of her best disciples; she was abandoned—her disciples were followed. Codes of laws and rules innumerable were founded on an inspection of their works. Academies rose throughout the world, aiming at teaching the colouring of Titian, the drawing of Michael Angelo, and the design of Raphael. The "Ellectic School," the "Naturalistic School," the French-antique school, the Bianchi and the Neri, and a hundred other "High Art" schools, all more or less imitative of the styles of the Cinque Cento painters, shone for a while with a splendour half their own and half borrowed—failed in rivalling their models, and passed half-gloriously away for ever.

How else could it be? Academicians avoided Nature and her manifold lessons. They wasted their lives in imitating the works of men perhaps not a whit better gifted by nature than themselves; their individuality, their independence of thought was lost; whereas, the men they copied obtained their excellence by trampling on all petty conventional laws, and opening their souls to the eternal laws of Nature. Barry, Haydon, and Fuseli, each possessed of magnificent genius, struck and split on the Sylla's rock of Academies. Fuseli, in rage that academic rules failed him when put to the test, could not resist "damning" Nature for "putting him out." But as there are individuals found whose works tend to degrade the cause of truth, so there are others who sometimes shine forth in universal error. And these exceptions, if noted, will only prove the truth of the principles we are advocating.

Velasquez painted human beings as he saw them, and his works rank next to Titian. Hogarth, with his shrewd, clear, Cervantes knowledge of things, saw his way and painted to the life his satirical-pathetic stories; he now rests on a pedestal that time only strengthens. Reynolds painted historical pictures according to academic rules, and failed; he turned to the faces about him, forgot the academy, and painted them according to his own heart—now he ranks with Titian and Velasquez.

If these facts have aught of instruction for the Artist, is is, that painters, before they can hope to bring Art back to its former splendour, must cease the servile copying of this great master or that, but by a wise use of those gifts which heaven has given each of them, strive to attain a greatness of their own. It is in Art as in Nature; the vigorously-rounded majesty of limb, the effortless graceful manner that commands homage, these always follow, as summer the frost, a natural and constant training in all healthy developments of body and brain. There can be no true vigour in the thought that springs not from roots far down in the Artist soul. The perfections of all noble painters grew as grow the trees in the forest, severally depending on their own roots, which absorb, in their separate ways, whatever is peculiar to themselves, from the one kindly soil of Nature, flinging forth their branches in friendly intercourse with their fellows, sometimes sheltering, sometimes sheltered, but all singing in a grand storm-chorus the majesty of God.

Thus the modern Pre-Raphaelites believe. In accordance with their belief they go to work in the spirit of their early Pre-Raphaelite brethren, in hope that a similar road may arrive at a similar goal. With the same conscientious care they strive to copy Nature, rejecting not, as some believe, the discoveries and appliances that modern art boasts of, but using every resource in order to produce the best work possible by the hands and intellect that they possess. When perfect power of hand is gained, then comes selection of subject and thought; though of course hundreds having no power either of selection or thought, will waste their lives in labyrinths of endless and storyless detail. Even this waste of life, however, having some truth as its basis, will be less degrading than that spent in the vapid painting of "ideal" nothingness. The great and true Pre-Raphaelite, with thought and feeling, keeps his eye ever fixed on truth. A fact he paints simply as it is: History as it is: Poems as they are, or as he fancies the poet conceived them. It does not follow that Pre-Raphaelite pictures should be definite in line and colour from side to side, or show months and years of toil,—though many of the best have those qualities;—on the contrary, they may be startling in their rapid power of execution, as in the long grass of Millais's "Vale of Rest," or in the rustling branches in Wallis's "Dead Stone-breaker." But whatever is done must be done with the utmost truth possible. One touch may suffice to that end, but a thousand may be required, and must be given. Opponents of this school object to the manner in which Pre-Raphaelites mark every detail, sometimes in objects removed from the eye. The *effect on the eye*, say they, is all that should be attempted. But surely this word "effect" is a vague one, as it varies in its meaning according to the different powers of vision. One eye sees on a mountain side, rocks, meadows and patches of purple heather, when another

sees only a blank wall of grey mist. Is the painter in his picture to please one eye or both? One, and that the short-sighted, say the generalists. Both, say the Pre-Raphaelites; or if that cannot be, then the eye with the clearest vision. Hundreds must necessarily fail in attempting both. In the joy of having copied a portion of Nature, they will forget that it is secondary to something else, and leave it staring in its truthfulness, wanting the mystery and modesty of Nature. Both can only be attained by the great masters, whose pictures to the casual eye seem broad and simple in their treatment, but to the scrutiny of a loving eye are inexhaustible in their wealth of beauty; for ever revealing new truths, and suggesting thought under a quiet but infinitely varied simplicity. When the artist has a poet mind, he may see that indefiniteness in some parts and mystery are the very soul of much good poetry: the loftiest thoughts sometimes proving their divine origin by being dark with excessive brightness. Such thoughts are not to be tampered with by the artist; he must trace his angels like Giotto and Angelico, distinctly and truthfully as he can conceive them, whether in the calm light of Heaven, or dimly sinking into infinite depths of azure darkness. If modern Pre-Raphaelites have accomplished nothing so grand as the painters of the Italian school, it must be remembered that the age in which they work is different in its aims from that of Francia, and that like all enthusiastic reformers rooting out errors, they were liable to fall into errors of an opposite kind. Few artists go to work now, like Angelico and Bezzoli, on their knees, asking help and inspiration from Heaven. The prettinesses into which Beauty had been dragged by the so-called "High-Art" painters, the Pre-Raphaelites had a horror of, allowing in their pictures positive ugliness in preference, as in Millais's wonderful picture of "Spring." But when the rivalry and vexations of schools are forgotten, and the artists give their whole souls to the perfection of their pictures, then works are produced worthy, to our thinking, of any age. Such is Hunt's "Light of the World," which, for noble purpose, beautiful, disciplined thought, and truthful rendering of every detail, might have been executed by a friend of Raphael's; and such is Millais's "Peace," that for colour reminds one of the splendour of Giorgione. If such results have been attained already amidst the turbulence of clashing opinions, we have a right to expect far greater things when all animosity will have ceased, and artists will have blended their several schools into one, great in its calm strength, and its rejection of everything exaggerated and untruthful; which will observe in its rules and maxims a happy mean "between the rocks of distinctions and the whirlpools of universalities, for these are the bane and shipwreck of fine geniuses and arts."

## OUR PICNIC AT SLOPPINGDOWN.

I sit down to tell you, with all the candour and ingenuousness of an over-petted gentleman, of our picnic. I have returned from it hearty and comfortable, in love with myself, in good favour with the ladies, and at peace with everyone except Plumper, who bemoans his injured head, and trusts that Toodkins may die in the hope of his being indicted for manslaughter. You know how the whole affair originated—in whose brain the fancy bred, budded and developed itself; but as Maria desires a perfect history of our adventure, and you threaten to commit it to your portfolio, I shall begin at the beginning.

Dear Tom Hutchinson and his charming sister Isabella, (why will people insist on calling her Isy?) had returned to Soppingdown. They had been absent for nine months on a visit to a relative in the north; and, as they came home as they went, without a single innovation on their dress, manner or accent, without any of those ridiculous airs which people contract during a fortnight's residence at Bordeaux, the Alps, and other stuck-up places. Soppingdown received them with open arms. You know we are an excitable community; we don't annoy ourselves much with political speculations; our common interests are of an intensely localised and domestic character. Thus it happened that although a great battle was fought on the fifteenth of July, and the destinies of two nations depended on the issue, it provoked no enthusiasm, no regrets, no hopes, no consternation amongst us; whilst the arrival of Tom Hutchinson and his sister, on the same day, raised a popular ferment in the town, increased the value of pink parasols, and exhausted all the squib and cracker shops.

Passing through Scandal Row, with the intention of making a morning call on Isabella, I was accosted by our venerable friend, Miss Teablossom. She had come out, she said to "taste the air and look after the watering cart." Her dress was superb; she wore a new Leghorn bonnet with a cauliflower ornament suspended at either side; a white lace scarf daintily fine-drawn in four or five fractured localities; a chintz-pattern silk gown with bell-shaped sleeves; lemon-coloured gloves; a blue para-ol, and a delicate flask of frangipanni. I am particular in describing her costume, as ladies are tender-hearted respecting the fashions, and Maria is too unconventional to be an exception to her idolised sex.

"Charming day, Mr. Magog," said Miss Teablossom, with a long smile which betrayed an absent eyetooth "how shall Soppingdown shew its gratitude towards our dear truants, the Hutchinsons? Have you seen Isabella? divine girl, only for her hair; you quizz, you said you, never like orange-coloured tresses!"

"Dear Miss Teablossom," I replied, "you surely don't wish to saddle me with that observation. Isabella is a brave, beautiful girl, and I am resolved that Soppingdown shall acquit itself honorably towards herself and her brother. What do you say to a public ball?"

"The weather—the weather—the weather!" interpolated Miss Teablossom; "the weather is horribly warm. I've been obliged to throw off two—that is—I have been obliged to leave up both windows for the last fortnight."

"Then, shall we have a skittle-match on the green?"

"Nonsense sir; who do you think cares for skittles?"

"Or, a picnic?"

"Ah, now you are sensible. A picnic to be sure! with lots of lemonade and icewater for the ladies. Dear, you men, to be sure! Whom will *you* invite, Mr. Magog?"

"The enquiry is most unparliamentary, Miss Teablossom. I will place a dozen names in a hat, and if yours has the misfortune to turn up first, by Jove, we'll weather it together. Good morning!"

"Good morning!"

This was how the picnic originated. My next step was to convene a meeting of the flower of the youth of Soppingdown. Both sexes were liberally represented; for our women are the pillars of the commonwealth, and dare not be overlooked in an affair of such vast constitutional importance. Miss Teablossom presided; the function of secretary was discharged by Miss Twizzle, and the first resolution was proposed by Miss Bulbeye, and seconded by the writer of this history. We had an animated discussion on the policy of providing roast ducks and ham, a suggestion which, after an immense amount of opposition on the part of Mr. Samuel Blackett, nephew and heir of the town butcher, was put to the poll and carried triumphantly. Miss Arabella Swillet, a young lady with a remarkably good complexion, insisted that we should bring no brandy; but, as I conceived that this was a don't-nail-his-ears-to-the-pump objection, I overruled it, and was supported by the meeting. It was also decided that we should have two violins, and a barrel-organ, and that the office of master of the ceremonies should be filled by Mons. Capro, a French gentleman, who taught the polite art of dancing on a second floor in Bill street. Finally we appointed a deputation to wait on Tom Hutchinson and his sister, and offer them the freedom of the picnic. A vote of thanks to the chairwoman closed our proceedings.

Soppingdown is built on the right bank of the river Certan. It is a pretty town, distinguished for its chimney-pots and tanned manufactures. Trade is slack, business is slow, six-tenths of the population are unemployed, and the remaining tenths divide their time between light employments, and that social necessity, good-natured scandal. Soppingdown is picturesque. It includes a bridge, and a swarm of lime trees, which Ruysdael might have worshipped; several blue-roofed romantic-looking mills, a restored abbey, three pumps, and a railway station. The river Certan, above the town, flows through a richly-wooded country, past corn-fields and orchards, turning and twisting with a hundred charming convolutions in its descent to the sea. Three miles from Soppingdown the bed of the river rises abruptly, and forms such an island as one might dream of after a day's ecstasy in the Turner Gallery. There,



amid the larch, elm, and chesnut trees, with the summer sky above, and the shining shallows at either side, we proposed to celebrate our festival. "Nature," as Miss Teablossom poetically remarked, "had formed that island for the scene of the fête as exactly as if she had cut it out with a scissors." When the deputation waited on my friend Tom, the dear fellow was fairly overwhelmed by the extravagantly complimentary nature of the coming demonstration. He hesitated, blushed like a girl, and broke down in the middle of a gracious acknowledgment. Isabella, with a woman's tact, bore the ordeal with greater firmness, and made a pretty speech, which would inevitably have been published next day in the *Sloppingdown Herald*, had not Toodkins, the reporter of that journal, a tiny creature with a girl's face, and the confidence of an alligator, been arrested in committing it to his note-book by Miss Todcog, who, relying on her acknowledged position as local blue-stocking, threatened to box the young gentleman's ears unless he desisted. This lively incident afforded us no small amusement, and put the ladies, young and old, in the best of humour.

For seven days preceding the glorious festival the domestic life of Sloppingdown effervesced with jealously disguised excitement. Everybody pretended to everybody that he or she was making no preparations; whilst everybody knew that everybody else was making gigantic efforts to shine at the solemnity; he or she, the aforesaid everybody, plotting, planning, and contriving, and affecting meanwhile a superb indifference to the vast importance of the approaching event. The final day but one the emotion rarified itself into a brilliant phrensy; the women could hold their tongues no longer; the milliners and seamstresses blabbed abroad the confidential secrets of their employers; the local draper had exhausted three fresh supplies of tulle, and there were rumours of unusually heavy importations of logwood having arrived by stealth at the establishment of Mr. Peck, the Sloppingdown hatter. Did the popular phrensy pass your correspondent, like a ship at sea, without raising a ripple in the normal tranquillity of his contented breast? Candour prompts a negative. You remember that delicate tinted pair of . . . Well, they . . .

The twenty-third of June rose upon Sloppingdown like a reflection from a lake of rosewater at one of the London pantomimes. At eight o'clock A.M., we embarked in a fleet of small boats, gaily decorated with pink and blue calico streamers, evergreens, and other pertinent decorations. All Sloppingdown which remained at home turned out to see us start. Miss Teablossom, who had been appointed admiral of the expedition, was honoured with a tremendous ovation as she stepped on board her vessel, the "Golden Lily," and with a gesture, calculated at once to display her Lime-rick lace sleeve and remind the spectators of Cleopatra, ordered her flag to be unfurled. In a few minutes afterwards the fleet observed the blue-peter flying from the top of the admiral's parasol; and with a long cheer and a proud flash of oars, we swept into the middle of the river and pulled up stream for the island.

Now, it happened that the admiral's ship, which had been chosen for its imposing appearance, was the most unseaworthy craft in the fleet. Instinctively we yielded her precedence; but this was a disadvantage which could not be endured patiently after the first knot had been logged, and the crew had received their first instalment of brandy. Gradually we crept closer and closer to her stern; and now we were within a paddle's length of her bows, when the commanding voice of the admiral was heard above the rush of many oars, insisting that she should lead, and that we should follow. I ventured to turn round and have a look at the marine amazon; she stood erect in the boat, attired in a sea-green poplin, a white opera cloak and a beaver hat, whose feathers had obviously taxed the collective resources of a dozen cock roosts. Her left hand was pressed with intense expression to her bosom, whilst her right wildly whirled the blue-peter, as if to turn the sentences of her harangue. I am afraid her expression was short of seraphic. "Gentlemen," she said,—“for to you, young women, whose smirking countenances seem to encourage this violation—this painful violation of what is due to me, I shall not demean myself by—what do I see?”

"Julia! Julia! do you hear me, Julia?" exclaimed Miss Todcog, addressing the excited admiral, "do sit down, and let us enjoy this rustic fête—let us enjoy the delightful weather, which would have inspired even the lamented Dante had he been here to witness—"

Cries of "go on," "pull away," interrupted the striking appeal of Miss Todcog, who, perceiving that eloquence was not the order of the day, sat quickly down; and in a few minutes we had the satisfaction of seeing her example followed by the indignant admiral. The oars flashed and spluttered once more, and away we pulled, leaving Miss Teablossom and the blue-peter struggling in our wake.

The island was reached at noon. We drew up the fleet on the sands of a shelving inlet, landed the provisions, and prepared to dine. Our feast was spread on a lawn-like level covered with low grass, and surrounded by a triple row of murmuring elms. We had fetched no chairs; but the ladies contrived to recline elegantly if not comfortably on a low divan composed of inverted hamper, and the gentlemen managed to find room between. The dishes, the proper disposition of which excited no small contention amongst the ladies, were placed to the best advantage, and had, to say the least, an imposing effect. I need not tell you that I dexterously secured a place near charming Isabella. She was as radiantly beautiful as ever; but I fancied that the disappearance of the admiral had slightly clouded her gentle temper. On my left was Miss Todcog. With characteristic industry she had fetched with her the last *Quarterly Review*, and peeping over her shoulder, I observed that she was deep in a profoundly speculative article on "The Æsthetic relations between Paganism and Christianity." For Maria's information I may state that Miss Todcog was handsomely attired in a voluminous drab silk, a Louis XVI. opera cloak,

and a bonnet which, because it projected like a horn from the top, was, before we arrived home, ungallantly christened, "Miss Todcog's unicorn." Next to our intelligent friend sat Miss Bulbeye, who, I perceived, had burst her white kids in several places in the ambitious attempt to force a pair of seven-three-quarter hands into a pair of seven-one-eighth gloves. She was flanked by Toodkins, the local reporter. Toodkins, you must know, is a fellow of considerable importance, having the *entrée* of all "the involuntary-celibacy female tea parties" of Soppingdown, and enjoying the acquaintance of several of our town-councillors; he is also a petted favourite of the caterer at the half-crown assembly balls of Soppingdown;—in fine, a gentleman of such infinite humour, that all the kicks in a donkey's portfolio would fail to convince him of his proper position in society, or succeed in ruffling his composure. Toodkins was seated next Miss Twizzle. That young lady's costume was positively alarming; it was a compromise between the meretriciousness of a four-guinea piano and the sobriety of a coalscuttle; Maria understands. Miss Bulbeye and her friend Miss Twizzle were involved to an extravagant extent in crinoline, between the monstrous folds of which our little friend Toodkins scarcely found room for his head and shoulders. Then there were the Misses Crabelle, the virgin antiques from Peach row; Miss Nutbeak from the seminary; Miss Bowler, Miss Fubby, Miss Bell, and a whole quire of smaller fry, including our friend Dick Plumper, who sat upright on the grass like an enormous sausage bent to a right angle.

As I was contemplating the happy groups, the voice of Miss Todcog smote my ear with its ravishing piquancy.

"Where are the knives and forks?" inquired my learned friend, with a strong effort to look disgusted and practical. "Where are the knives and the forks?"

"The knives and the forks, and the spoons and the glasses too," replied Miss Twizzle, as she jerked out her words with startling energy, "will be found at the bottom of the green hamper. Toodkins, go fetch the green hamper."

"Pray, don't ask the gentleman in such a way, Maggy," interposed Miss Bulbeye. "Let some strong person fetch it."

"Easy Bulbeye," observed Miss Todcog, with a terrible compression of her lips, "when a young person such as you pretend to be, is permitted to enter the ranks of your superiors, you should learn to be respectful. Take off those hideous gloves, they're too small for you; you know nothing of geometry; if you did you'd know that a lesser can never contain a greater. Toodkins, must a lady beseech you to fetch the hamper?"

Toodkins immediately complied, and went in search of the precious article. After an absence of ten minutes or so he returned to the ladies.

"Gone!" he exclaimed.

"Gone! what's gone? where is it? are they found? who saw them last? were they four-prongs or steels?" inquired Miss Crabelle, who cultivated the wonderful talent of putting a dozen questions in the same breath.

"The admiral has taken them."

"And where is the admiral? is she drowned? has she been swept over the fall? who saw her? was she angry?" asked Miss Crabelle.

"No, not angry, nor drowned, but turned back," responded Toodkins; "and the general impression is that the hamper has turned back with her."

"I had my suspicions of that woman from the beginning," observed Miss Todcog, laying down the *Quarterly*. "She has a talent for plotting. Her humanity is badly developed. Look over her forehead, and the cruelty that made her move away with the spoons is no longer a mystery."

"What will we do?" asked Toodkins, in a querulous voice and a minor key.

"The question ought to be, 'what *shall* we do,' sir? Do you smoke?"

"Never, I assure Miss Todcog."

"Then, lend me your penknife. Miss Crabelle, will you try a slice of lamb, and eat it sandwichwise?"

"Yes, some lamb, please, Emmy dear. Is it tender? have they spilled the mint sauce? is the hamper found? shall we be home before seven?"

"I always suspected," observed Miss Twizzle, who had been helped to a chicken wing by Toodkins, "that that bad woman would spoil everything."

"Yes," said Miss Todcog, snappishly, "and so did I. She has turned all her sofas into pincushions, and one can't sit down on them without being reminded of the sharpness of her economy. Did you see her hat? such a fright! I think she must have stolen the flies from her brother's fishing book."

"And put them in her hat?" suggested Dick Plumper.

"Nobody said," rejoined Miss Twizzle, "that she put them in her stockings—did there?"

"Ha! ha! ha!" laughed Toodkins, clapping his hands; "capital, capital, I must 'take' that; what a pleasing item in our fashionable intelligence—'Retort by a lady of distinction'—capital!"

"Mr. Toodkins, you'll oblige me by not dropping any more of that grease on my dress," said Miss Bulbeye, gravely, as she drew her skirts together, and colored at the compliment the little fellow had paid Miss Twizzle's humour. "Silk is not got for nothing. Pshaw, go wash your hands, sir."

"Ha! ha! ha! he, he, be, hi, hi, ho, ho, ho!" roared Plumper; "isn't that capital though! only fancy Toodkins sent to wash his hands. By Jove!"

At this stage of the entertainment the port and sherry, which had been economised during dinner by Miss Twizzle's directions, were freely circulated. We drank the delicate fluid out of a variety of cups and pannikins, supplied from a farm-house on the south side of the river. Mons. Capro, whom, you will remember, we had elected master of the ceremonies, rose shortly afterwards from his seat under a neighbouring elm, and pronouncing with great solemnity the magic words, "*la danse*," gave his arm to Miss Todcog, and led her forth; the band dashed into a wild quadrille, and in a few moments we were pacing up and down between the

trees, as smoothly as the unevenness of the turf would permit. Capro was glorious! He sprang up, threw himself out, doubled himself in, and, by the magnificence of his movements, converted a plain set into an elaborate ballet. Plumper, determined on outrivaling the *maestro*, flung himself with great energy into the dance, and floundered about the green like a jubilant walrus. But Miss Twizzle succeeded better than all the rest in contributing to the amusement of my friend Isabella. In truth, Miss Twizzle could not dance; and, when Capro took her in hand and directed her movements, by word and gesture, the scene was irresistibly comic. Bent on displaying her neat ankle and neater sandals, the lady, at the word "advance," raised her skirts with both hands, threw back her head, turned out her toes until her heels met at an obtuse angle, and went off to her *vis-a-vis* at the pace of a New York trotter. She then held out one hand in a theatrical attitude, placed the other on her side, and went wheeling about like a humming top. Capro would cry "stop dat, *betise*," but still the lady wheeled and wheeled, until Miss Todcog went up, and, as she expressively described it, "put a stop to her gallop." Miss Teablossom did not care for quadrilles, but adored polkas. Tom took her up, and they got on fairly until they attempted a reverse, when her motions resembled those of a colt in a preliminary "backing" exercise, and he was forced to lead her to a seat. Isabella is a queen of dancers, and shall tell you some other time how she and I succeeded in satisfying the critical taste of Mons. Capro. When we had fairly exhausted ourselves we returned to the table, and Toodkins, perched aloft on the lowermost branch of a towering elm, volunteered to inaugurate the harmony of the occasion with a song. We applauded his kindness, and he entertained us with "Through the wood." All went on very well until the chorus at the end of the second stanza, when, by an unfortunate coincidence, just as he had finished the words, "Through the wood, through the wood, follow and find me!" the branch upon which he was perched cracked in two, and the prophetic vocalist descended heavily to the grass. He escaped, as he himself remarked, with a comparatively slight abrasion; and the river of song swept on as brilliantly as before. Miss Teablossom gave us "Black-Eyed Susan;" Mons. Capro, who was "all in the downs," from a little over-indulgence at the wine hamper, sang a martial air, with a noble chorus,

"Plon, plon, plon, plon, plon, plon,  
Et vous, soldat,  
Soldat, serrez vous rang.  
Plon—plon."

Miss Twizzle worked wonders in "I dreamt I dwelt;" Plumper gave us "The Power of Love;" and Isabella a charming little air, "*Deux temps*" from Meyerbeer.

Did the wine flow? It did. Whilst we sat on the cool grass like Tennyson's gods,

—"together,  
Careless of mankind,"

the skies darkened, a bright flash leapt from the heart

of a wrathful storm-cloud, and in less than five minutes the big rain danced down upon the world. We sought refuge from the violence of the weather under the trees; but these becoming charged with the descending fluid, pelted us with greater vehemence than the clouds, and, as a last resource, we were obliged to fly, drenched and disordered, to the boats. I pulled off my great coat and wrapped it round Isabella's shoulders; Toodkins conducted Miss Twizzle to her seat, holding his hat above her bonnet, and receiving the full fury of the storm on his heroic little head. Plumper took charge of Miss Teablossom, over whose arms he contrived to stretch the skirts of his coat; and Miss Todcog, wrapping the *Quarterly Review* around her bonnet, descended fearlessly to the place of embarkation. These were followed by a long train of less eminent revellers, amongst whom I noticed my friend Miss Balbeye in a very shocking plight, for her light dress was so thoroughly soaked with rain that it became incorporated with the frame work of her crinoline, and converted her lower attire into a fine resemblance of a Gothic casement. After much trouble, the ladies were handed into the boats, and with a vigorous dash of our oars we pulled for home. But our misfortunes were not destined to end so rapidly. The rain continued to fall in blinding torrents; the boats grounded on the sandbanks or were caught in the intricacies of the river, from which they had to be extricated with infinite trouble; the ladies grew cross and abused the rowers; the rowers refused to row until satisfactory apologies had been offered them; the remainder of the brandy was distributed amongst the crews, who became imprudent and excited; and the night had fallen thick and massively dark before we had accomplished two-thirds of the voyage. Capro, who had been a monument of agility, quickwittedness, and enthusiasm whilst the weather held fine, now became dejected and silent. We endeavoured to sustain his sinking spirits, but without success; so it was with feelings akin to gratitude we saw him lie down in the bottom of the boat and fall asleep. A proposition was then made that we should land; the gentlemen pooh-poohed the suggestion, but the ladies in a round-robin declared for it; so we pulled ashore opposite the patriarchal residence of Sir John Sackill, and prepared to disembark. Here the scene became absolutely terrific. Plumper was the first to jump out, but he missed the bank and tumbled into the river. Toodkins, who had not witnessed this deplorable catastrophe, chanced to perceive Plumper's head emerging from the water, and, mistaking it for an otter, administered it a blow on the crown with a paddle. Down went poor Plumper, and up went the voices of the ladies: "Dead—killed—drowned—murdered."

"What's dead?—what's killed? is it a man or a parascal?" shrieked Miss Crabelle.

"Murder!" exclaimed Miss Todcog, shaking her little fist in Toodkin's face; "the law shall have its due course, and avenge the victim."

She had scarcely finished these words when the head of Plumper topped the water for a second time. It was

immediately grasped by Miss Bulbeye, and the drowning man was pulled into the boat. Finally, we all landed, with the exception of Capro, whom no exertions could arouse, and who clung to the bottom of the little craft with the tenacity of a middle-age lobster. "Then, let him go," said a gentleman whose name I have never ascertained, as he applied his foot to the side of the boat and sent her rocking into the current. "The Silver Wand"—that was her name—took the direction of the stream, and bore off Mons. Capro. In a minute or so we heard a foreign voice exclaiming, in the darkness, "Where are you—*plon, plon*, where are you?" and a greasy gleam of moonlight feebly discovered the lively Frenchman standing on the gunwale of "The Silver Wand," and waving his hand to the shore. "Where are you, *coquins*?" reiterated Mons. Capro.

"Here we are!" said Miss Todcog, placing her hands to her mouth, and roaring with all her might.

"Then, I go," replied monsieur; and, probably forgetting that he was in the middle of the river, he stepped to the boat's side, and made one of his neatest *pas seuls* into the water. Fortunately he alighted upon one of the numerous sandbanks which abound in the river, and was thus prevented from sinking until a boat was manned and sent to his assistance. Plumper had now recovered, and as a half-dozen wine yet remained untasted, he proposed that it should be expended in drinking the ladies' health. No opposition being entered, Mr. Plumper, having derived some inspiration in the shape of a glass of sherry, proceeded to address the company: "Ladies and gentlemen," said the orator, "in the course of a long and eventful life, I lay my hand to my heart and I assure you that this is—this is—I meant to say that this is—yes, it is"—and with this notable conclusion arrived at, Mr. Plumper suddenly lost the power of standing erect, and subsided into a horizontal position, leaving his auditors impressed with the vast resources of his eloquence, and the comprehensiveness of his deductions. But human patience could hold out no longer; so we resolved upon walking home, and slowly wandered off in little parties through the densely-wooded grounds. Some lost their way in the avenues, and did not recover it until morning; others laid down in the brushwood, and, despising the weather, slept soundly and sweetly; Plumper fell into a dry ditch and sprained his arm; Toodkins, having knocked, with his usual impudence, at the porter's lodge, was seized by the mastiff, with whom he was obliged to leave a hostage in the shape of a new coat tail; as for Tom Hutchinson and myself, we escorted the ladies home, saw them to their several residences, laughed over the whole affair, and are as jolly and sprightly as ever.

I must not omit telling you that the admiral, on arriving home, calumniated the expedition, and held us up to the ridicule of Sloppingdown, for which offence she has been since tried by a female court-martial, and sentenced to two months' exclusion from our soirées and reunions. Plumper's arm is still feeble, and Toodkins has abandoned all hope of recovering his coat tail. Thus ended "Our Pic-nic."

## A NIGHT IN THE ENGLISH HOUSE OF COMMONS.

A TEN-POUND householder is not in himself a very important member of society, but there are occasions when he comes in uncommonly useful, and once every three or four years he really becomes an object of the most extraordinary respect and attention. Members of Parliament, or ambitious men who hope to be members at the next general election, if a ten-pound householder comes in their way, are always ready to bestow a little cheap courtesy on him, even when the hustings are not immediately staring them in the face. Now, I happen to be a householder of that precise value, which makes the difference between a man fitted to have a representative and the common herd. Further, I belong to a borough which is invariably contested, as I know to my cost. I really do think that if John Bright himself knew all the ill-feeling, the waste of money, and all the dishonesty of one sort and another which a hardly-contested election causes, he would not be so bitter against the close nomination borough, when a lord comes down to the hustings, suggests a member, and sees his suggestion at once accepted and carried into execution. However, be that as it may, as I belong to an open and quarrelsome borough, I am naturally a much more important being than if I were an elector (so called on the *lucus a non lucendo* principle) of a quiet gentlemanly, close town, and therefore when I sent up my card to the representative of our ancient borough, at his chambers, he at once sent me the conventional half-sheet of note-paper, containing his signature and the words—"Admit bearer to gallery of House of Commons, on Monday, August 6, 1860." On these occasions it seems customary to ignore the existence of the definite article. Accordingly on Monday, the sixth of August, I betook myself to the Palace of Westminster, and as I knew the debate that evening, on the Equalization of the Customs and Excise Duties on Paper, was to be one of considerable importance, I took care to be down at the House by about eleven o'clock in the forenoon, though the members did not meet until four in the afternoon. On arriving there I asked a stern and stately policeman whether any strangers had yet taken their places in the room which Sir Charles Barry appointed for that intrusive element, and was informed that there was only one individual as yet in possession, but that if I waited to get into the gallery, I must not be later than about half-past twelve. I therefore cast about in my mind what was to be done in the remaining hour and a half, as it was not worth while to go away and return; so finding that there was a trial going on in the Lords, I went to that august chamber, and a droller spectacle than was there presented never met my eyes before. The Lord Chancellor was loling at his ease, not on the woolsack, for he only sits there when the House is met on legislative, not judicial, business, with his hands in what seemed to be pockets, though, as he had his robes on, this was not quite clear. Three



elderly gentlemen, who proved to be law lords, were sitting around him, either intensely sleepy or intensely wise, for whether it was wisdom or somnolence which produced the extraordinary sage expression of countenance, was as hard to determine in their case as it is in that of an owl. A legal gentleman at the bar was apparently proving, with what struck me as particularly unnecessary fervour and eloquence, that the words "incidental" and "conducive" meant the same thing; and upon the Lord Chancellor remarking that this was not quite demonstrated to his satisfaction, the learned counsel, with a fresh accession of earnestness and a most ingenuous show of candour, proceeded to quote to "your lordships" a number of cases where "incidental" could be nothing but "conducive," whereupon the opposing barrister, in a tone of outraged virtue, got up, and cited an equal number of instances where "conducive" could not possibly be interpreted by "incidental." As the dispute did not seem in a likely way for speedy termination, and as the question whether the two unfortunate words which were being then cruelly dashed against one another, were really synonymous, was not one of the most general interest, I went on my way rejoicing, not at what I had heard, but that I was not Lord Chancellor, and so could escape the torrent of reiteration and verbiage which his "learned brother" was pouring forth. I had still some considerable time to spare, and I determined to spend it in a more profitable way than listening to legal wranglings, by having a trifle of lunch, so I went into the Strangers' Refreshment Room, and devoured two chops. I confess that in doing so I was infringing the old rule of not eating unless one is hungry, because I was not hungry, but then I knew that I should not be able to get any more victual till an early hour next morning. Having further laid in a stock of Abernethy biscuits, I hastened down to those lower regions, where in a rather damp, very draughty and exceedingly dark apartment, the crowd of ten-pound householders, the free and independent electors, etc. etc., is forced to wait till their representatives begin the business of the day. It was half-past twelve when I took my place in this pleasing locality, and here I remained in a state of comparative torpor till a little after four. The room was not full till about three. The policeman on guard, with whom I endeavoured to enter into conversation, looked at me with the utmost contempt when I tried to provoke his compassion by stating that I had been waiting ever since eleven. "Why," said he, in a tone that one can imagine an old Waterloo veteran employing to a volunteer at the Camden Town sham fight, "why, at the Reform Bill, this here room was full at nine o'clock in the morning, and at the Budget there wasn't a place to be had at eleven." I at once felt ashamed of myself, upon the remark of this *laudator temporis acti*, and forthwith began to think it rather pleasant than otherwise being kept in a dark room for four or five hours, with nothing on earth to do except peer at your neighbour through the dim light. And yet, after all, it is not dull this Strangers' Waiting-room. You get into

a grim sort of humour, and there is plenty to gratify it. A foreigner comes in and seems to think for a moment that the House of Commons is before him. Another gentleman had an order from Disraeli, which was passed to every body sitting in his neighbourhood, the liveliest curiosity being evinced to see the signature of that extraordinary man, and one man actually carried his hero-worship so far as to offer the holder of the autograph the sum of five shillings for his treasure, an offer, however, which was not taken. Then the coming debate furnished ample room for conversation. One individual was of opinion that the government would be thrown out by an overwhelming majority. Another, who spoke mysteriously and significantly of his acquaintance with Gladstone's butler's brother, assured us that the measure would be carried by a majority of thirteen. A third threw out the horrible suggestion that the debate would probably be adjourned, and that no great gun except Gladstone would go off that night. A fourth—a German and a paper-maker—indulged in a long eulogy of the principles of Free Trade, which, as some body—evidently an English paper-maker—remarked, with savage irony, was very pleasant for those who kept their own markets shut. This dispute seemed likely to end in personal violence, when a signal was given from above, and we all hastened up the long flights of stone steps which lead to the Strangers' Gallery. This rush was most disorderly, and the indignant remonstrances of one or two stout and elderly paper-makers echoed loudly along the galleries, in spite of the menacing policeman. Arrived at the top of the stairs, and thanks to my youthful vigour, I was in the van. I found myself in the presence of a most grave and venerable official, whose Medusa-like aspect was well qualified to stop any noise or disorder. A well-brushed head of grey hair, a clean and sternly starched collar, black dress clothes, and a keen eye, renders this individual an admirable emblem of the dignity and strictness of English legislature. He eyed my half-sheet of note-paper just as a banker's clerk would eye a cheque, of whose genuineness he had grave suspicions, and he wished apparently to discover the machine mark of the paper. Whether he found it or not I do not know, but I was very glad when he gave me an impatient nod, and let me pass on. Walking rapidly behind a handsome brass screen, I entered the temple where he collective wisdom of the nation sits enshrined. The Strangers' Gallery is not at all an uncomfortable place in its way, though from its rather elevated and retired position in the House, you can scarcely see from it more than half the body of members present. In front of you, down in the actual house, sits the Speaker. This functionary, clothed in a plain black gown, and further dignified with a wig like that worn by the judges, is the president over the assembly, being called speaker possibly because he is not allowed to speak. Beneath his raised dais sit the three clerks of the House before an enormous table covered with a crowd of books, boxes, and papers, and at the extreme end of which lies the famous "bauble," the mace. At the Speaker's right sit the Ministry, at his left the Opposition, and at the

bar he is faced by the Sergeant-at-arms, prepared at once to take into custody any member who forgets the privileges of the House, and also to run all over the country after any delinquent who misses attending a committee on which he has been sworn to serve, or in any other way shows disrespect to Her Majesty's Commons.

When I entered the gallery the Speaker was mumbling over a lot of bills and petitions, in a very thin house. I believe this monotonous murmur was the only real business, or nearly so, which was got through at all that day, the rest of the evening being devoted to what is called ventilation of the paper question, though the ventilation was very like Dr. Reid's process for supplying the house with fresh air—it raised a vast deal of dust. In the midst of this monologue on the part of the Speaker, he was interrupted by a cry of "Black Rod" from the Sergeant-at-arms, and in a moment a very stately individual, in an antiquated garb, advanced up the house, and, pointing his rod at the Speaker, summoned him to the Lords to hear her Majesty's assent given to various bills, and then retired backwards out of the house. I observed, by the way, that the members and Speaker sat down whilst this formality was being gone through. The Speaker then got up and went away, though what became of him during his absence I never learnt. He was away about ten minutes, and on his return, the faithful Commons all standing as he passes through them, he resumed his murmuring for about a quarter of an hour, during which time the house was slowly filling, until at last, when Mr. Gladstone rose to move his resolution, both sides were closely packed, and the scene was decidedly notable. Nearly all the members of any reputation were present. It is astonishing how admirably "Punch" catches the likeness of some of them; Lord Palmerston, Lord John Russell, and Disraeli it would be perfectly impossible not to recognise, merely from the portraits in "Punch." Gladstone is, perhaps, not quite so easily taken; at any rate the limner has been less successful in his case. On the night in question the Chancellor of the Exchequer came in, pale, grim, and firm; there was a look of sullen defiance about him, and when he rose to move his resolution, assumed a tone of determination and immovableness which might have thrown Mr. Puller into deadly confusion. Gladstone's style of oratory is, undeniably, most forcible. A clear, ringing voice (not without a slight provincial accent), an unhesitating delivery, and a pointed but chaste gesticulation, are the external adjuncts to a subtle and slippery method of reasoning. He began with a few sentences containing the formal details of the resolutions, and then proceeded to a general and animated attack upon the papermakers. He had recourse to one artifice of rhetoric, which, as Sir Hugh Cairns hinted, was scarcely worthy of a cabinet minister. "This is a question of rags! Truly, I may call it a ragged question!" The scornful tone in which he flung out, and the way in which he dwelt upon the word rags throughout his speech, may have had its effect in the division list. At the same time, there is no doubt that

it was in false taste. During the whole time of Gladstone's speech, and it lasted an hour and a half, not a single member left his place. One or two made short notes, but the majority sat in wrapt attention. The Premier, as usual, had his hat slouched over his eyes, and apparently was asleep. Lord John Russell seemed much the same; whilst Disraeli was, or appeared to be, paying no attention whatever to his rival, but dreaming about the Caucasus, or the Venetian mystery, or heaven knows what. When the Chancellor of the Exchequer resumed his seat, loud and continued cries of "hear, hear" ensued—a phenomenon recorded in the newspapers by the stereographic phrase (loud cheers). There are few things that I have ever heard, except the cheering of a Yorkshire mob, which are so moving as this sharp and general fire of "hear, hear" of the House of Commons, and I can well understand how it inspires a man in the midst of debates. Nothing could be more unfortunate for Mr. Puller than having to follow Gladstone. There are very few men such feeble orators as that Mr. Puller would not appear feeble in comparison, but after listening to the clear voice, the unrivalled fluency, and the exquisitely moulded sentences of the Chancellor of the Exchequer, to hear Mr. Puller's croaking tones, hesitating utterance, and slovenly oration, was about as painful a process as could be well imagined. As was natural, the house rapidly thinned, and by the time he had finished—nor was he by any means as brief as he was uneloquent—there remained a beggarly account of empty benches. All the great guns had gone off—to dinner, and so had a great many of smaller calibre, and there only remained behind a few of those who either intended to speak, or who were too painfully conscientious to think of voting without listening most carefully to everything that everybody had to say on the subject. After Mr. Puller's long and very tedious effusion had come to an end, there did not appear to be forty persons left in the house, and those forty were lounging lazily about the luxurious green-cushioned seats on which the collective wisdom of the nation loves to find corporeal repose. I will not weary my readers with anything more than a mere mention of the somnolent orations which ensued upon Mr. Puller's retiring from the rostrum. A severer task upon one's patience than the dismal, humdrum reiteration of old arguments culled either from Mr. Gladstone's or Mr. Puller's speech, or else from the newspapers; arguments, too, which were spoilt in the borrowing by the clumsy manipulation of the borrowers—a severer trial of one's powers of endurance than this, I say, can scarcely be imagined. Twenty times was I tempted to rush out and save myself from such a downright infliction. Physical weariness and mental fatigue both combined to produce utter and absolute misery. I was thirsty, and hungry, and horribly sleepy, but I was determined not to give in; so I listened to this tedious prosing till about a quarter to eight, when the vigorous tones of Mr. Maguire rang through the house, and restored one to consciousness and animation. His loud, clear voice, and a spirited delivery, were as welcome as the sight of a well

to the traveller of the Great Desert, and the rapid influx of members from the dining-rooms began to restore the old life to the scene. The debate, which had hitherto been conducted by twilight, was further enlightened by that rich, mellow illumination which turns the ceiling into one of the most beautiful sources of light conceivable. I do not believe there is such a process of lighting in any other public place, and certainly there is no other which answers its purpose so admirably. I was now, like my companions in affliction, thoroughly roused, and stood "at attention," for Sir Hugh Cairns was up, and members rushed in so rapidly that the house was as crowded within five minutes after he had risen as it had been at the commencement of the debate. Sir Hugh Cairns' speech was well delivered, and constituted a fair reply to Mr. Gladstone's eloquence, though, as Sir Richard Bethell remarked afterwards, it savoured too much of the law court. The house got excited at the vigorous and spirited onslaught which Cairns made upon the Chancellor of the Exchequer, and our ears were regaled by some very sharp cheering and counter-cheering. Gladstone moved about uneasily and impatiently, whilst Sir Hugh Cairns stung him by bitter taunts of inconsistency. However, the longest night has its end sometime, and at length Gladstone was freed from the inconvenient reasoning and sarcasm of the member for Belfast. The ministry then put up the Attorney-General, Sir Richard Bethell, whose smooth, oily tone of voice formed a striking contrast to the sharp, almost harsh voice of his predecessor in the debate. Bethell has a sort of lisp, and his pronunciation, if met with in a man of less ability and reputation than himself would be considered affected in the extreme. His speech on the present occasion was very short, and scarcely pretended to be a reply, except in a mildly jocular way, to the forcible argumentation of Cairns. Cairns had sat down amidst a sharp discharge of cheers, but Bethell resumed his seat apparently without anybody being conscious that he had done so. I say nothing about the ineffably feeble oratorical effort of some Mr. Norris, whose speech was interrupted throughout by loud and impatient cries of "Divide, divide!" nor yet Mr. Henley's few remarks, but pass on to Lord John Russell. It is certainly wonderful how Lord John has attained his present position of influence and authority, in spite of the fact that he is about as poor an orator as exists in the House of Commons. In bodily presence by no means imposing, with a thin and uneven voice, without fluency, and without a faculty for lucid arrangement, one would expect him to be utterly impotent as a debater. When he rose to speak, everybody listened to him, and though his voice was so bad and his enunciation so difficult, that he was forced to send Sir Richard Bethell for a glass of water to relieve his utterance, still everybody listened to him as if he had been Demosthenes. However, his speech was not what is commonly considered a telling speech, and I do not suppose that it influenced one single vote. He had no sooner put on his hat and resumed his place, than up jumped an extraordinary figure, who had been

sitting on the front bench opposite to him. One of the most curious of Disraeli's many tricks is the perfectly marvellous manner in which he starts to his legs when going to address the house. You look upon him one moment, sitting like a corpse almost, and the next you see him standing bolt upright, with his two hands on the box in front of him, with his eyes partially shut, and words coming slowly out of his mouth. The moment the members perceived that he was up, there was a concentrated hush such as I had never observed before, as if everybody present were eager to catch every syllable that fell from the lips of the great Caucasian oracle. I am sorry to say that on this occasion my curiosity was utterly and fatally disappointed, and I believe my disappointment was shared by most of those around me. I noticed that the majority of strangers, even when disliking his politics, were yet more curious to hear Disraeli speak than even Gladstone or Palmerston. There is something about his position, I suppose, as a man who has worked his way up from the ranks to the marshal's baton, which makes people admire whilst they even dislike him. The moment he rose, or rather stood bolt upright all at once, for it cannot be called rising, everybody seemed to lean forward, and even Palmerston woke up. I frankly confess I never listened to a worse speech, or one worse delivered. The orator had his eyes half closed; his gesticulation was most awkward and inelegant; and he was so continually at a loss for words that, if it had been any one else, one would have anticipated an immediate and utter breakdown. However, he went on discussing for about twenty minutes, and when I read the report in the *Times*, the following morning, the easy way in which his speech ran was perfectly astonishing. Yet I am told that the reporters do not find Disraeli by any means difficult, except when he gets the steam well up, and "lets out" right and left, without respect of persons, when his utterance becomes enormously rapid.

The leader of the opposition was followed by Lord Palmerston, and it is marvellous with what energy and jocularly that veteran bottle-holder held forth at one o'clock in the morning, after a long and harassing session. His speech was not long, and it was so humorous, that it seemed even shorter than it really was. Lord Palmerston has no gesticulation whatever, and he lets off his jokes with a dry, sly kind of air, which makes them doubly effective. His voice shews the only sign of age that is at all discoverable; his step is jaunty, and his figure upright, but the tones of his voice are decidedly husky and old. There were a great many foreigners in the strangers' gallery this night, and they all evinced a sort of mingled curiosity and awe, when informed that the insignificant individual before them was the world-renowned Palmerston. By the way, apropos of Palmerston's European fame, I heard a story the other day, on the best authority, and which I believe the Premier himself related to the Queen. My informant was an English engineer, engaged on a railway in Russia. He had an appointment to meet the Emperor at the palace of St. Petersburg, at a certain

hour, when a variety of circumstances interfered, so as to render it necessary for him to make the greatest possible haste, if he wished not to offend the Czar of all the Russias by being late. He accordingly took what seemed to be a swift vehicle, but which proved to be very much the reverse, and in spite of his objurgations, he clearly foresaw that he would be late. The driver, anxious to redeem the reputation of his beast, flogged it, and cursed and swore at it in the vernacular to a fearful extent, and as a last stigma on the unhappy brute, he exclaimed with a tremendous conglomeration of oaths, "Get along, ye *Palmerston*, ye!"

After *Palmerston* had sat down, the division was

called, and immediately the clerk of the house turned the sand-glass on the table, a number of sharp ringings were heard in the library, dining-room, and everywhere else where any member was likely to be, and at the end of three minutes the doors were fastened, and the members filed off into the respective lobbies, "ayes" to the right, "noes" to the left. This ceremonial lasted for nearly a quarter of an hour, the members gradually returning to their places, and at last the tellers appeared; the numbers were read out, and it was announced, amidst loud and repeated cheers, that the ministry had carried their measure by thirty-three.

## THE JEW'S DAUGHTER.

BY ROBERT D. JOYCE.

### Part the First.

"Ho! get yourselves in readiness and come along with me!"  
Cried Edmond Dhuv of Falad to his jolly companie;  
To his hobbeler,\* his daltins,† and his foresiers full keen,  
As they kicked the rolling foot-ball round and round on Falad Green.

Each brown and freckled forester stood listening at the word,  
Each hobbeler refixed his belt, laid hand upon his sword,  
Each daltin ceased his capers and to think of war began,  
And cocked his baradh o'er his eye and thought himself a man.

"Come! get yourselves in readiness—a hawking we will go,  
But bring your harness on your backs—perchance we'll meet a foe;  
We'll rouse the merry greenwoods with the sounds of sylvan war,  
And we'll end our jovial hawking at the fair of Inis-Corr.‡

"Come here, my brother Edward—you're a horseman keen and bold,  
You'll see chargers there with harness all bedecked with steel and gold,  
You'll see weapons, costly armour, many another precious thing;—  
By the bright shrine of our Lady, 'twill be pillage for a king!

"There the merchants down from Dublin all their treasures will display,  
The foreigners from Waterford their wares will show that day;  
But we'll ease them of their merchandise before the sun goes down,  
As sure as red Queen Bess's head is stampt upon a crown.

"Then dress yourselves in motley sheen—go, some like harpers gay,  
And some like jolly gamesters, the rattling dice to play,  
And some to spae their fortunes and amuse them all the day,  
Till eve falls down on tower and town, and we begin the fray."

The horseman bold who stood the gap, the applauding shout he gave,  
Then took the foot-ball in his hand and stabbed it with his glaive;  
His comrades swore, with yells galore, they'd serve each man the same  
Who at the fair of Inis-Corr would dare to spoil their game.

### Part the Second.

With hawk on his wrist and plume on helmet crown,  
All glittering in his armour to the fair my lord is bowne;  
And merrily we followed as he rode o'er dale and down,  
Till the sultry noon gleamed o'er us, and we reached the joyous town.

\* Hobbeler, a horseman.

† Daltin, a horseboy.

‡ Eaniscortly. A great fair was held here every summer time, at which the goldsmiths, jewellers, and other merchants from Dublin, Waterford, &c., exhibited their wares, and to which the inhabitants of the county for many miles round flocked for business, fun, and sight-seeing.



I went into a tent with "Three Horsemen" for its sign,  
I sat down with my comrade and drank a pint o' wine,  
Then roved through the fair, and saw the glittering line  
Of booths with treasure laden—all the treasures of the mine.

Heaps of gems and costly pearls glittered gorgeously in one,  
Gilded armour in another flashed with splendour like the sun ;  
Rings of gold for dainty fingers, plumes of foreign birds that shone  
Like the glory of the heavens when the day-god's course is run.

I stood beside a booth—'twas the brightest in the Fair,  
All lit with costly silver and with diamonds sparkling rare ;  
But more bright than blaze of silver or the diamond's dazzling sheen,  
Sat a fair maid 'mid that treasure all—a lovely summer queen !

I looked upon that maiden, deep into her lustrous eyes,  
And thought, "When Butler sacks the Fair she'll be a glorious prize!"  
I looked upon her father, and his baleful glance I knew—  
Ah ! well I ought to know it—'twas old Mark the Dublin Jew !

Ah ! well I ought to know it, since that day in Dublin street,  
An outlawed man, in pillorie, they bound me hands and feet,  
When the jeering crowd drew round me, and old Mark glid down the place,  
And glanced at me his baleful eyes, and spat upon my face !

He sat beside his daughter, that young and lovely thing,  
With eyes as black as ebony and locks like raven's wing—  
I plucked my dagger from its sheath—'neath my cloak I held it bare,  
And thought how I might slay the sire and the bonnie daughter spare !

### Part the Third.

The golden sun was sinking, still by the booth I stood  
With Gambling Dick, my comrade, and Dermot of the Wood,  
And they eyed the costly treasure as the eagle eyes his prey,  
Before he swoops on arrowy wings from Mora's mountain grey.

And I—from off that maiden bright my glance I never drew  
Until my lord rode through the Fair and gave the word we knew—  
"Ferrah ! for bonnie Falad and the blue skies laughing o'er !"   
And through the Fair that slogan swelled like the tempest's maddening roar.

And soon there was nor gold nor pearls nor diamonds sparkling gay,  
Nor gilded mail, nor sword, nor steed, that was not Butler's prey ;  
Like questing hawks we reached the town on the noon of that wild day,  
And with rare spoil ere twilight fell o'er the hills we swept away !

But I—what booty did I bring when Butler-gave the word ?  
From nigh that maid through all the fray one foot I never stirred ;  
The booth went down, old Mark the Jew was slain, but not by me,  
And from the town his child I bore to Falad's mountains free !

I nursed her in my mountain cot, to soothe her grief full fain,  
I tried to raise her drooping heart for many a month in vain,  
Till autumn with his withered garb forsook our mountain plain,  
And winter died, and springtide suns called forth the flowers again.

Ah, love, it is a wondrous thing—the love that's fond and true,  
It woke my prize from sorrow's trance, brought back the rose's hue  
To her young cheeks, and lit her eyes with glorious brilliancie,  
And turned her to a Christian maid, and conquered well for me.

Last May-day at Saint Mary's shrine that stands beside the shore,  
Our bridal vows we plighted fond, to love for ever more ;  
And Dublin swords will ne'er win back that well-won prize, I ween,  
For she is now my bonnie bride, the flower of Falad Green !\*

\* For an account of the insurrection of Edmund Butler of Falad, and the sack of Enniscorthy—or Inis-Corr, as it is called in the old annals, see Haverty's History of Ireland—Reign of Elizabeth.

## TOM DUNN'S CORNER.

A STORY NOT SEVEN YEARS OLD.

A ROUND, rosy, hale, hearty little man is Father Felix, delighting in his duty and going to and through it with a will—a will, stronger, if possible, than ordinary, when it leads to his own native district of our town.

Father Felix has even had a notion that semi-rural districts such as this of his, prove as kindly a soil for the growth of Christian virtue as can easily be found; and accordingly he watches over this with tender zeal. The greater number of its dwellers are in or near that state of decent poverty, which in a city shows nearly as many degrees below it as above. And as Providence happily has given to mental as to actual vision that peculiarity that makes like distances seem greater when looked down than up, they are tolerably well content to hold their own position, those good folk of Baile-Thomas,\* Anglice Thomastown.

The district uses two dialects. But its Irish is very English, and its English very Irish: a tightness making the pronunciation as though the alternate use of both has prevented its natives making themselves quite at home in either. And so the title of their own quarter; they pronounce it in a style that, in their own phrase, leaves it "neider one ting nor de oder—Bally-Tomansh."

It is also a suburb of many smells, none of them Arcadian; for slaughtering, and tanning, and their feminine adjunct, poloney-pudding† making, reign there. Yet through the unpleasantness of its odours breathes a something that one feels is not unwholesome. And that something brings with it the moral of how it often happens that disagreeables are means towards preserving us from serious evils. For more than once when Baile-Thomas sent forth its cart-loads of tan to dot with black death spots the genteel quarters of the disease-stricken city, has that humble little district itself remained not more unsavoury nor less healthful than its wont. The part that Father Felix most affects is that touching closest on the altogether rural inlets to that side the town, particularly a few long quiet streets where shops have not intruded, or have failed to thrive, and where the occupations of the people are indoor and inostensible. Ending the chief of these lies a sort of square, into which debouches many smaller streets or lanes. It is known to the neighbours by the name of "Tom Dunn's corner," the house of one Tom Dunn being the object most salient to an eye approaching it.

This tenement, a middle-sized two-storied building, standing seemingly alone, but really connected by house and yard walls with a row of smaller houses running at right angles from it towards the country, its occupant, Tom Dunn began, during Father Felix's ministry, to speculate on converting to a public-house; his business as buyer for a great city firm of cattle exporters not filling up above one half his time, and the locality being, he thought, favourable to a man who could afford to await

custom. Tom Dunn knew—though he might not put it in so many words—that if the axiom of a supply inducing a demand is eminently true of anything, it is of *whiskey*. The very day after he had heard of this intention, Father Felix made Tom Dunn's corner his way from a parish call, resolving to drop in on Tom himself. As he walked slowly on, he surveyed the little square as keenly as though it was an unfamiliar spot. Little of the colour was to be seen—on merely a few doors and window-shutters—yet the place looked green. The large brownish stones paving it, were so clean and cool-looking and refreshing to an eye just removed from the hot and dusty mid-city streets, and the whole so peaceful, that it seemed a pity so to publicise it; more than a pity to Father Felix's judgment.

"Why, Tom, what's this I hear of you?" he asked. Tom was standing at his own door.

"Be —, hem! 'Tis yourself must answer that, sir; 'twould be hard for me to tell," returned Tom.

"Haden't you a notion of turning this place of yours into a public-house," said Father Felix, glancing round the hall and parlour that opened half shop-like one into the other, in a way to suit Tom's current business.

"I have a notion of it, sir; my license was passed last week."

"And what do you want of opening such a thing for?"

Tom was silent.

"But sure I needn't ask you—much will have more. But tell me, Mr. Dunn, do you remember what you say in the Lord's Prayer every day, 'Lead us not into temptation?'"

"I'm lading no man into temptation," said Tom, "they may come or let it alone."

"You are doing worse," said Father Felix, "you are bringing temptation to them. You know well that because this place is so retired, there are people who are not shameless enough yet to go get drunk in the eye of the public, would slip up here to you. And you'd bring those sots here, and worse, may be, to corrupt the innocent and unwary. I'll tell you what it is though, Tom; if you are so bent upon getting into what's a bad business at the best, that the advice of your priest wont prevent you, go down into town, where you can hardly make bad worse, and leave me and my poor children here in peace and piety." Here he paused and looked into Tom's face. Tom put his shoulder to the doorpost and shut his mouth. Argue with Father Felix he would not willingly; but his countenance expressed his settled purpose.

"Tom," said Father Felix, "I won't let you keep a public-house here."

"You can't prevent me, not taking your reverence short," Tom added, with a very grum civility.

"Short or long," said Father Felix, "I can and will, if you put me to it; if it were only to prevent your melting the honest money that you've made with the ill-got gains that are all that you could make here."

"H——m!" ejaculated Tom; he spat out as though putting from him the temptation to say what he would be sorry for; and turning on his heel he walked indoors

\* Bally-Homansh.

† Bologna sausages.

and sat down, saying to himself, "you may do your big best!"

Father Felix also retreated, walking off sturdily to his trim little cottage hard by the legendary Friar's Well. There the dancing and carolling of two orphan nephews, and their accounts of their day, both work and play, put Tom out of his memory for the time.

The following Saturday's duty over for the afternoon, he strolled Tom's way; but saw "no great sign of changes yet," he said to himself. "Maybe Tom is waiting awhile, and thinks to come round me that way."

Tom was waiting till, as he would describe it, "Father Felix would cool and see how unreasonable it was to want to take the bit out of a man's mouth," which plea, had he heard it, Father Felix would have quashed with the rejoinder, "that it was not the bit but the sup that he was against, and would keep out of the yet abstemious mouth of Tom's corner and its belongings." Still Tom had not been idle, but in a quiet way had had the main part of his preparations gone through while making no sign out of doors. He had progressed deliberately, convincing himself, by the very gravity and thoughtfulness of his proceedings, that he was all right, and that after a while even Father Felix, when he saw how quiet he was keeping, would say so. Tom did not go so far as to think that he would say that he (Father Felix) was wrong; but that he might admit that after all he did not know that Tom was.

It was only at a late hour in the afternoon of the third Saturday following the first encounter that he took the final steps towards trying conclusions with Father Felix. That is to say, he borrowed a ladder, and himself mounting thereon, drove in supports above his door, hammering them like a Trojan, (as he thought while doing so), and setting on to creak or swing—very softly and very slowly though, and only when the wind blew due east or west—what was a sign of the times no less than of the liquor—a huge photograph of the famous brewery, whence he drew his porter. Tom was twice his own man all that evening. He had at the bottom of his heart a good share of Paddy's regard for his priest; but just then he did feel pleased to prove that "he was his own master in his own affairs," as he said. Tom hallooed before he was out of the wood.

Much of the succeeding Sunday morning had not passed before he got a customer. A neighbour's wife, a very decent proper woman, in the estimation of the district, dropped in with a "God save all here!" on her way from early mass, and "thrated" another neighbour, a woman also, "for the good o' the house." It was the first time for seven years that she tasted liquor fasting. But she liked to be the first to leave the money with Mr. Dunn.

Tom knew she had the name of being great handsel, and was correspondingly obliged. So much so, that in fact nothing but the noted unluckiness of refusing handsel could induce him to take the money at all. But as that was not a thing to be thought of, he reconciled matters by pouring them out a second glass a piece, his treat, he himself joining to keep the women in countenance. A

few others dropped in early in the forenoon, and Tom ventured to let them tarry, though before parliamentary hours; the house being so new, the police would, he thought, be unapt to suspect him of breaking rules; there was safety in daring yet. The door must needs be opened now and again for wife and children on the way to and from mass, etc.; and so when some one else presented himself, Tom had not the heart to say him nay; the taproom door closed silently upon the interloper, and the illegal "drop" was drained with double zest.

Tom stood within the threshold as the bells rang for last mass, and the joybells—the bells of Shandon—chimed in at service time. In Ireland, reader, the silver bells, as the rest of the silver, belong to the establishment. Often had he stood, so listening pleasantly to the sounds, parsonic though they seemed, and thinking of the good old times when the old church had its silver chimes; or talking them over with a friend, speculating, it may be, on the time to come when all the bells would be Catholic again. But this day his ears were turned inward, and whilst he watched he could not help fancying that the chink of the pewter had a pretty sound with it too.

Again the bells chimed the quarter before two. And Tom, who had for caution's sake shut fast the door some time before, now came to hurry out a company of youths who had been lingering within. "Here, out with ye at wance, boys!" he said, as he raised the bar. The boys were following in his steps, but as the door opened, all drew back. On a small green garden-seat without sat Father Felix, placed so as that no one could unseen by him pass to or fro; he held his breviary in hand and read.

"It wasn't so aisy to get in here; but 'tis the jence to get out!" said one of Tom's customers.

"Have patience," said Tom, himself impatient enough to be inclined to knock them all down.

"He's reading his office," said one, "he'll go when he's done."

Tom kept his suspicions and apprehensions to himself, but he looked anxious.

"What do we want here till then, losing the day?" said another.

All stood silent, but expectant, for many tedious minutes. The clock struck two.

"There now," said Tom; "off with ye, if ye're in a hurry."

"We are, an' we aren't," one of the lads said, looking archly from Tom to his companions. "We don't want the priest to see us, an' it so airy, too."

"Well, then, how can I help you?" returned Tom.

Father Felix closed his breviary; and with a finger still between its pages, mused, or to speak suitably, meditated for a time. When this would end, the anxious outlookers thought he must be gone. But no; when the time due to this exercise was over, he drew from a supernumerary pocket another volume not quite ecclesiastical in guise, but yet of a befitting gravity of binding. Again he read, now and then smiling, whether at his own thoughts or his author's, was his secret.

"I have a crick in my neck wid peeping at him," was whispered behind the door.

"A body 'ould tink 'tis laughin' at us he is, bedad," exclaimed the youngest of the group.

"If he saw you here, 'tisn't to laugh he 'ould," replied a very big lad. "An' I saw your uncle goin' down de lane while ago; an' when he's comin' back, as sure as eggs, he will come in to see de new shop."

"Iss, neider," jeered the youngster in his own dialect, "sure you don't know me uncle? Can't you lave us out some other way, Mr. Dunn?"

"I have no back door, but you may go through the window, if you like, me boy."

"Oh, never say die," said the little chap, "tank you Mr. Dunn. Come along, boys."

Tom put them through the window safely and softly. This was, however, but the first part of the escape. They must get into the yard of one of the smaller houses, which was provided with a back door, and thence beg a passage to the street. How to account for their appearance there, or indeed, how to appear at all "widout a shindy dat 'ould bring de priest on 'em after all?" was a difficulty long discussed under shelter of the wall that they designed to get over. It was concluded that the youngest should go first and attempt to propitiate whomsoever might be met. Lifted over the wall by one of the young men, the pioneer felt his daring and invention rise with the reliance placed on him. He knocked gently. A very decent staid-looking woman opened the door.

"I'd be ever so much obliged to you, ma'am——"

"What brought you in here?" interrupted the woman.

"I'd be ever so much obliged to ye ma'am, if you'd let me out," reiterated the petitioner.

"But what brought ye into my yard at all, child?"

"I was in at Mr. Dunn's, ma'am," he said, rubbing the wall with his finger, and in great seeming perplexity, "an' he let me out dis way, ma'am."

"A likely story," the woman said. Seeing, however, that the yard held absolutely nothing to be stolen, she hesitated to call him "thief." "Why didn't he let you out de way you went in?" she asked.

"Dere's a priest sittin' at de door, ma'am, an' he'd see me."

"An' if you were dere on any honest errand, what need ye mind his seeing you?"

"Why, ma'am, me 'moder 'ouldn't for de world he'd see me comin' out iv it, for fear he'd tink 'twas lookin' at any body drinkin' I'd be. Let me out, ma'am, diswance, an' indeed, an' indeed I'll never cross his door again."

"Let you out, indeed, you young ——"

"Tank you, ma'am."

The woman laughed despite herself. With his wiry hair, lank visage, and mock-piteous air, he looked like a small spaniel begging. "You young vagabone," she said, "at your catechism you ought to be now."

"An' 'tis dere I'll be every oder Sunday, ma'am. You'll let me big broders out, too, ma'am; dey were wid me!"

Here the rest of the party thought it best to show beyond the wall, and to second the petitioner.

"Ye may pass out, young men," returned the woman

gravely, "but it's de last time I'll make me house a pas-sage for de likes o' ye."

Hastily thanking her, they all passed out, and away as quickly as possible.

Meantime the churches had closed and the public-houses opened simultaneously. A policeman showed at the corner of the little square, to ascertain if all was orderly about the new shop. And what should he see, but Father Felix, still quietly reading—yet with half an eye to the progress of events, and Tom in the background quite alone. Tom frowned. The constable laughed, shrugged his shoulders, and disappeared.

Time passed on, and so did Tom's expected customers. Some glanced at Father Felix soberly, some smilingly, some angrily, but they walked on, one and all. Some thought it was fatigue, some an accident, and some an oddity, that kept the priest in such a place; but whilst thinking they kept moving also, and Tom's shop remained empty. One lad, indeed, did stride up manfully and enter. But Father Felix glanced from the book at him so mildly, and yet so penetratingly, that the young fellow felt as though it was his mother's eye was on him, as he passed in. And when in he limited his errand to asking loudly enough to be heard without, "What o'clock is it?" To which Tom Dunn, supposing the query put merely "to make game of him," replied so far from civilly as to leave his intending customer little wish to call again.

Between four and five o'clock all those who would have visited Tom Dunn, were pretty certain to be housed elsewhere. In fact the place was quiet, and out of doors deserted as at midnight. Father Felix saw the little risk of the new house doing much good, i. e. mischief during that evening, and so he raised the siege, and went home to dinner.

During the next and succeeding week-days he contented himself with making Tom's corner his way to and from his parish business as often as he could, and taking his walk that way, when leisure allowed him a walk for recreation. On the whole it was impossible to say at what moment he might not be seen and sec. A rumour that the priests—for rumour multiplies as well as magnifies—had set their face against Tom Dunn's public-house, took various shapes in going through that quarter. But one and all tended to the same result, and pretty closely compassed it; very very few ventured within Tom's door, unless strong and bold in the consciousness of a harmless errand.

At length the struggle drew towards its close. Tom could not conceal from himself that Father Felix had found means to make good his threat. Sunday, Tom had known, must be his harvest-day; yet three times had Sunday proved a no-day; while he seemed to enjoy his prolonged sitting, or if he did not really, Tom knew him well enough to be assured that through no personal distaste would he give up what he once had conscientiously determined on doing. "Tis a bad job," said Tom to himself at the close of the third week. And he concluded upon giving up the struggle; wondering to himself also, (for his wife had gone over to Father Felix's side) that he did not feel more aggrieved "after all."



Next day appeared Father Felix and his seat in due course. Mrs. Dunn begged Tom to go out at once, "as he had his mind made up to do it, and do it with a good grace."

"No," Tom said, "wait a while."

"Well then, if you want, I will."

"No," repeated Tom, "nor the never a step! He sat there so many days for his own pleasure, he'll stay this day for mine."

"Be it so," said his wife, seeing that he stood between her and the door, "'Tis the dickens to prevail with ye for men."

The afternoon wore away; Father Felix read as usual, and Tom, to pass the time, read too.

"Tom, you'll let him slip away from ye, I tell ye," said Mrs. Dunn, more than once.

"I tell you I won't," responded Tom.

At last the customary hour of rising came, and out walked Tom. "Well, your reverence?" he said.

"Well, Tom?" queried Father Felix, and as Tom observed, just as if nothing in the world ever passed between them.

"I said I was going to have a public-house, sir, and you said you wouldn't let me. You kept your word. Now I say I'm going to give it up for good, and I'll keep mine."

Father Felix took him by the hand. "I knew, Tom," he said, "that you'd come to yourself."

"Your reverence didn't take notice that the sign was down?" said Tom.

"I never thought of looking," Father Felix said.

"Guessed you wouldn't," said Tom to himself.

"But I wouldn't go away without seeing you, if I had, 'Amantium iræ redintegratio amoris,' Tom," continued Father Felix, who knew that Tom's father, a Kerryman, had kept him at a classical school till he could construe much more than that.

"That's true, Father Felix," returned Tom.

"Here then," concluded Father Felix, "I'll leave you this seat, Tom, for a keepsake, and my blessing with it, and may it rest with you." And so saying he again shook Tom's hand and walked away.

And so Tom Dunn's corner is still as quaint and quiet, and Father Felix fondly trusts as primitive, as it was then.

## OWEN O'SHIEL,

AN M.D. OF THE SEVENTEENTH CENTURY.

Early cultivation of the healing art in Ireland—Endowment of Hereditary Physicians — The O'Cassidys — O'Lees — The O'Shields—Young Owen visits Paris, Louvain, Padua, and Rome — Returns to Ireland—Settles in Dublin—Marries Catherine Tyrrell—takes service under General Preston—Goes over to Owen Roe—O'Shield's wife defends the castle of Woodstock Siege of Athy—The Dominican Monastery—Owen Roe's last illness—His death-bed—O'Shield follows the fortunes of Henry O'Neill—MacMahon, Bishop of Clogher—Council of War—Battle of Schear-Saullis—Death of O'Shield, etc.

The ancient Irish chieftains were at all times most worshipful patrons of the professors of the healing art, and zealous promoters of medical science. We have

ample evidence to prove that hospitals and leper houses were established in Ireland at a very early period, in connexion with the monastic institutions, and that the inmates of the latter here, as well as in Italy, exercised the calling of surgeons and physicians for many ages, till the canon law forbade them to continue its practice. It would appear, however, that the chieftains had each their own hereditary physician, for whose maintenance they allotted large tracts of land, which were set apart as the exclusive property of the practitioners, and regarded as a sort of sacred territory in times of war as well as of peace. The independence which the physician was thus enabled to enjoy afforded him ample time to produce medical works, which were carefully transmitted from father to son, some of which have fortunately survived the accidents of time, and are still preserved in the Royal Irish Academy, the British Museum, and other repositories. These tracts are in manuscript, and are, for the most part, translations from the Latin of Avicenna, the Aphorisms of Hippocrates, Galen, Razes, and other fathers of the healing art. The translations, or rather commentaries, all of which are in the Irish character, clearly prove that the early practitioners of medicine in this country strove to advance the progress of their art, and that they did not spend their time idly on those vast estates with which the native princes endowed them. As late as 1571, Campion bears reluctant testimony to their love of general literature, and the prosecution of medical science in particular; for he tells us that the Irish "speak Latin like a vulgar tongue, learned in their common schools of Leach\* Craft, whereat they begin children, and hold on to sixteen or twenty years, conning by rote the aphorisms of Hippocrates."

The names of many of the hereditary physicians have been faithfully transmitted to our times, and it may gratify some of our modern medical men to know who they were, and what amount of compensation they received from their lords and patrons. The O'Cassidys were physicians to the Maguires of Fermanagh for fully two centuries, that is, from 1320 till 1504, when Thomas O'Cassidy, the last hereditary practitioner, wrote a tract on the "nature and cure of the different diseases incident to the human frame." The O'Lees were for many centuries physicians to the O'Flahertys of West Connaught, and one of that learned family, as early as the fifteenth century, produced a most complete course of medicine, written in Latin and Irish. So wonderful were the cures performed by this Murrough O'Lee that the natives of West Connaught imagined that he had received all his knowledge from the geni of the enchanted island of O'Brazil! The O'Hickeys were physicians to the O'Briens of Thomond, and other heads of septs in Munster. They possessed a copy of the "Lily of Medicine," the original of which was written in 1303; and a member of the same family (Nicholas O'Hickey) translated the "Rose," a manual of medicine.

\* This word, derived from the Saxon *lich*, signifying the human body, bears a close analogy to the Irish "*liagh*," a doctor, or surgeon.

dicine, regarded as the most celebrated of its time, from Latin into Irish. This "*Rosa Anglica*" was the work of Gaddesden, who flourished in 1305, and O'Hickey's Latin version was made in 1400. To these we may add the O'Callanans of Cork, hereditary physicians to the MacCarthys of Carbery; the O'Donlevys of Tyrconnell, physicians to the princely house of O'Donel; the O'Mellans and O'Quinns, all of whom were famed in their day as successful practitioners of the healing art. The works which they wrote were numerous enough to attest their zeal for the advancement of medical science, and we have to deplore the removal of many of them from this country, at a period within our own memory, when a true spirit of nationality might have secured such valuable remains for the Irish Academy or some of our public libraries. The O'Mearas, who for a considerable time were hereditary physicians to the Butlers of Ormond, flourished in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, and were the first of our native physicians who published medical works in Latin. Dermot O'Meara has left us a book entitled "*Pathologica Hereditaria Generalis*," which was printed in Dublin, in 1619; and Ware says that the same author wrote a tract styled "*Hippocraticam Febrium Aetiology et Prognosis*," which, we believe, has not been published. This Dermot O'Meara was a very learned classical scholar, and wrote a very admirable poem in Latin hexameters,\* to celebrate the victories of the Butlers over the ill-fated house of the great Earl of Desmond. His son Elmond and his grandson William were also physicians, and the former wrote a work on fever against the theories of Willis, entitled "*Examen Diatribæ Thomæ Willisii*," etc., London, 1665.

The districts allotted by the heads of septs to their hereditary physicians were, as we have already said, very extensive, each consisting of about five hundred acres, which were held in perpetuity from father to son, as long as they continued to practise medicine. Thus the O'Cassidy's had Faran-Cassidy, in the county Fermanagh; and the O'Callanans held large tracts from the MacCarthys, in Carbery; the O'Shiels, hereditary doctors to the MacCoughlans of Delvin, and the MacMahons of Oriel, held the estate of Bally-Shiel, on the banks of the Brosna, in the King's County, and this family for many generations was distinguished in the medical annals of Ireland. "*The Book of the O'Shiels*," now in the Royal Irish Academy, is an evidence of their zeal and industry, for along with translations of the Aphorisms of Hippocrates, Commentaries upon Galen, Avicenna, and Vessalius, it contains dissertations on the medical properties of herbs and a great number of the plants of this country. The date of the manuscript is unknown, but so great was its repute that it was transcribed in 1657. "*The Annals of the Four Masters*" mention the death of Murtogh O'Shiel, in 1548, styling him "the best physician of his age in the surrounding country," who was mortally wounded on the occasion of a petty revolution in the principality

of MacCoughlan, and as he lay dying, we may fancy that his enemies taunted him with the proverbialism that was then as common among the Irish as it was formerly among the Greeks and Jews, "Doctor, cure thyself!" In the subsequent reigns of Mary, Elizabeth, and James the First, the hereditary physicians had to share the hard fortune of their quondam lords and patrons. Each of them as continued to practise their calling doubtless had ample field for its exercise; for during the wars of the native Irish with Elizabeth, there was no lack of patients, though the fees must have been proportionally small or precarious. On the accession of James the First confiscations and outlawries stripped them of their ancient holdings, but, true to their liege lords, we find many of them following the regiments raised in Ireland for the Spanish service, and devoting themselves to the fortunes of their fellow-countrymen in foreign lands.

Deprived of their broad lands on the banks of the Brosna, the O'Shiels still continued to practise their hereditary calling, for as we learn from a valuable *manuscript memoir*, the head of the family removed to Moycashel, in the county Westmeath, towards the close of the reign of Elizabeth, where he followed the practice of medicine for a considerable length of time, and indoctrinated his son Owen in the rudiments of the same science. It would appear, however, that young Owen, not satisfied with his father's lectures, bent his mind on acquiring more extensive knowledge than could be found in the "*Book of the O'Shiels*," "*the Lily of Medicine*," or any other work on the healing art then known to Irish physicians. With this object in view he set out for Paris about the year 1604; and after attending the lectures of the most distinguished professors in that city for a couple of years, he began to think whether he should take out his degree there or qualify himself for it in some other school, where a diploma could not be had on such easy terms. O'Shiel knew full well the meaning of the word "Doctor," and that it signified something more than a mere empty distinction very often bestowed on blockheads who are not "*habiles ad docendum*," or in plain English, fit to teach; and reasoning thus, and observing the Parisian faculty to be "somewhat laxat and favourable in the conferring of graduation," he proceeded to the University of Louvain, in order to make himself acquainted with the profound teaching of Vanderheyden, Van Garet, and Vieringhen, who ranked among the most learned medical men of their time. Having spent three years in Louvain, and taken out his degree there, O'Shiel, motivated by laudable ambition, went to Padua, determined on winning the highest honors that that far-famed university could bestow. In the quaint language of his biographer, Padua\* was then "*the nursery of Gallian phisick, prime angular stone of anatomy, the only phoenix in Europe of medical science in speculative as well as theoretick*"—in a word, the great school, whose diploma was never conferred on

\* *Vide O'Daly's Geraldines* for extracts from O'Meara's poem.

\* "*Extollit Paduam juris studium et Medicinæ*."—Edward's "*Descriptio Urb. Ital.*"

any but those whose deep and extensive acquirements entitled them to it. In Padua he remained an entire year, "all the while duly observing the chief practitioners and anatomists, assiduously attending the lectures of the first surgeons, apothecaries, and herbalists, till, after passing his examination, he there received the degree of doctor, to the high repute of all present." Famous as Padua was for its university, O'Shiel thought that he might add to his store of attainments in Rome, and he accordingly visited that city, where he spent half a year "conversing with the best expositors of both Galen and Hippocrates," till at length, "laden with all choice juice of both speculative and practice of physical salves, he returned to Flanders, where he was appointed surgeon-doctor to the army of Albert and Isabella, joint sovereigns of the Low Countries." In this post of honor O'Shiel's reputation was soon the theme of every tongue, and so marvellous were the cures he wrought—cures which, as his biographer informs us, "were rather wondered at than imitable—that he was speedily nominated chief of the medical faculty in the Royal Hospital of Malines," where for twelve years no sort of infirmity escaped him without the application of such curative salves as nature or art could invent. "His name was now bruited in all corners," continues the memoir, "and he himself the object of all beholders, not only for his learning and education, but also for his civil and amiable deportment." At length growing homesick, O'Shiel returned to Ireland in 1620, and settled in Dublin, which at that period had an abundance of medical men, and where he lived unknown, until good luck brought him in contact with a patient whose case was pronounced hopeless by all the doctors of the city. O'Shiel, however, did not approve their verdict, diagnose or treatment, but took the derelict in hand, and by his judicious skill effected a cure which raised him at once to fame and eminence among the practitioners of the metropolis. The name of the individual thus rescued from the grave-digger, and restored to health by O'Shiel's treatment, does not appear, but we may suppose that it must have been some distinguished person, "for no sooner was the party placed in a posture of safety, than the doctor was narrowly looked for by all patients, and especially such as by other doctors were forsaken, all of whom were by him easily cured, whereby he soon acquired the name of Eagle of Doctors, and the only scientifically by a supereminent degree in that faculty." "This," says the memoir, "occasioned the nobles and gentry of Leinster to appoint him their doctor, paying him an annual pension according to their respective abilities, and to have him at call though by infirmities no way necessitated."

His biographer does not tell us how long this "Eagle of Doctors" continued in Dublin, nor does he give us any reason for supposing that he was ever summoned to attend the dyspeptic Strafford, or his successors, Wandesforde, Parsons, and Borlase. 'Tis more than probable, however, that none of those personages would have allowed the popish doctor, his celebrity as an "herbalist," "chirurgeon, etc. etc." notwithstanding, to

feel their protestant pulses, and there can be little doubt that they would have felt themselves far safer in the hands of some practitioner of the favoured creed, like Smith, commonly called "Bottle Smith," the only\* apothecary in Ireland during Elizabeth's reign, whose chief business it was to compound subtle poisons for the destruction of the Irish chieftains. Smith, indeed, was "State apothecary," but O'Shiel with his Paduan and Louvain diploma never could have risen to a like eminence in the Irish metropolis. His reputation however brought him patients enough, and the annual pension which he received from the nobility and gentry of Leinster, must have made him sufficiently independent.

The memoir from which we quote does not state the time of the Doctor's marriage, which, doubtless, took place after his return to Ireland, but it furnishes us with many particulars concerning the lady on whom "the Eagle" bestowed his hand and heart. The object of his choice was Catherine Tyrrell, daughter of the famous captain† who so highly distinguished himself as a constant ally of Hugh O'Neill during the Elizabethan war, and bequeathed his name to a pass‡ in the barony of Fertullagh, south of Mullingar, in which he slaughtered a thousand men, commanded by Lord Trimblestone's son, then marching against the Ulster chieftains. Catherine Tyrrell was a worthy mate for the "Eagle," and inherited, as her after life proved, the chivalrous fidelity of her father.

At length in 1642, a new and more extensive field was opened for O'Shiel's practice; for in that year the supreme council of the confederate Catholics had organized two armies, the one for Leinster, and the other for Ulster. Preston, of the house of Gormanston, was appointed general of the Leinster forces, and Owen O'Neill, superseding his relative Sir Phelim of that ilk, was commissioned to lead the northern troops. O'Shiel was well known to the two generals, who had frequent intercourse with him in Flanders, and both were anxious to secure his services as surgeon in chief to the corps under their command. "O'Neill, and Preston," says the memoir, "could not be without the assistance of so good a masterpiece in matters of high concernment," and the "Eagle," after duly weighing the claims which the rival generals had on his "curative powers," made up his mind to devote his services to Preston's army. Like Preston, he too belonged to Leinster, and it was only natural that the troops raised in that province should have the benefit of his skill. Accordingly he marched with Preston to the siege of Duncannon,—the most brilliant event of that general's *Irish* campaigns—and assisted at many other actions fought with indifferent success under the same leader, each and all of which afforded him ample opportunity for plying his tourniquet, probes, amputation saw, and the other resources of leechcraft, on the broken heads and limbs of the Leinster army. Having been upwards of five years surgeon-in-chief to the Leinster forces, rather indeed through a natural bias of

\* Vide Hamilton's Calendar of the State Papers.

† Vide Mitchell's Life of Hugh O'Neill, p. 125.

‡ Tyrrell's pass. The action was fought in 1597.

provincialism than from affection to Preston, he at last grew disgusted with the treachery and temporizing of his adopted chief, and resolved to take service under Owen O'Neill, as the better general and truer man. This change must doubtless have cost him a struggle, but the fact we are about to record determined him to make it.

In the autumn of 1646, the supreme council of the Confederates resolved on taking Dublin out of the hands of the Viceroy Ormond, who was negotiating secretly with the Parliamentarians for its surrender the moment their ships anchored in the bay. The possession of the metropolis would have given the national party great power over the whole island, and they accordingly despatched two armies, under Preston and O'Neill, to besiege the city. The rival generals pitched their camps on the north bank of the Liffey, and in the night time the numerous fires of their bivouacs were distinctly visible to the inhabitants, who beheld them from the campanile of Christ Church and the elevated sites in the vicinity of St. James's-gate. The headquarters of the two generals were at Lucan and Leixlip, and the Pope's Nunzio, accompanied by Emer MacMahon, Bishop of Clogher, Father Scarampi, and others of his partizans, did all he could to urge O'Neill and Preston to take the leagured city by assault. His powers of persuasion, however, were lost on the latter, who was in collusion with Ormond, through the agency of the worthless Clanricarde, and desired nothing so much as the total ruin of O'Neill and the Ulster army. In a word, Preston wavered in his resolution, temporized with the bitter enemy of his creed and country, and, sacrificing a grand opportunity to the hatred with which he always regarded his rival, refused to join in a combined movement against the city, which must have fallen had he so willed it. False to the oath which he had solemnly sworn, he now sought to place O'Neill between himself and Ormond, and thus cut off all chance of retreat, but the Ulster general, seeing himself in danger of being compromised, raised his camp, and proceeded by rapid marches to Kilkenny. The fate of Ireland was thus sealed by Preston's treachery, and on his head rests the guilt of having left Dublin open to Jones, Cromwell's lieutenant, who soon afterwards garrisoned it with Parliamentary forces.

From that moment O'Shiel lost all confidence in the Leinster general, and "as a loyal member of both country and cause, resolved to relinquish him and adhere to O'Neill, whom he never afterwards forsook in all his fortunes." Thenceforth he devoted his skill to the service of the troops commanded by Owen Roe; but before quitting the camp of his former chief, he sent him the following valedictory document, which proves that he did not cease to take an interest in his bodily health.

"My Rt honorable lord. Having known the constitution of your body this long while, and calling to memory also how some years since, I have given directions in the Low Countries whereby your honour should abstain from all sorts of wine, only *Vin du pays* and *Rhenish wine*, excess in which direction was altogether excluded then: and now

also (my lord) according to my obligation, I do once again forbid the same, assuring your honor that no other end can be expected than to shorten your own days, whereby you will be an executioner of yourself if you follow the contrary. This much to discharge myself of my duty toward you, I thought fit to certify, and so do rest, and will ever remain your true servant.  
OWEN O'SHIEL."

Two years after the date of this sanitary warning, O'Neill and Preston, at the head of their respective armies, were confronting each other as implacable enemies, for the Leinster general had joined Lord Ormond's faction, and O'Neill clung with desperate fidelity to the party of the Pope's nuncio and the clergy. The *odium theologicum* occasioned by excommunications and interdicts exasperated the opposing parties, who, apparently heedless of the preparations which Cromwell was making for the extermination of both, now seemed wholly intent on each other's destruction. At this crisis O'Neill's troops held possession of Athy, Rheban, and other castles in the county Kildare, from which Preston undertook to dislodge them, whilst the Ulster general, with the main body of his forces, was employed in Munster storming Nenagh, and other strongholds garrisoned by Inchiquin, who had recently coalesced with Lord Ormond.

On his march to Athy, Preston halted before the castle of Woodstock,\* then occupied by Dame Catherine O'Shiel, wife of our "Eagle," (who was with Owen Roe in Munster,) and despatched a trumpet to demand its surrender. The lady, however, rejected the summons, and sent word to Preston that "she would never betray the trust reposed in her by General O'Neill by betraying his castle." Preston, on hearing this, despatched a second trumpet to intimate that she should give him the place after he had taken Athy. To this she replied, "that neither before nor after such taking would she surrender other than by main force." The general finding her so inflexible, appointed three captains, "her own well-wishers," to wait on her, and represent the folly of holding out against him, but their arguments only served to confirm her resolution. On their return to the camp, Preston wrote to her that he would be necessitated to take the place by assault, if she did not yield it at once, but nothing daunted by the threat, she directed Hugh O'Shiel, her husband's nephew, to proceed to the general's quarters with a cartel, stating that "she defied him, and that although there were none but women in the place, he should never get possession of it till he had reduced it to a heap of stones." Irritated, and so far foiled by a woman, Preston caused young Hugh to be detained, and then wrote a second note to inform her that he would hang the prisoner in sight of the castle if she did not surrender without further parley. Her rejoinder to this threat was worthy of old Captain Tyrrell's daughter, for she wrote to Preston thus: "If you prove such a base tyrant as to execute such a messenger (contrary to the law of arms), I will never ransom him at so dear a rate as thereby to turn traitor to him who placed

\* Built in the thirteenth century.



trust in me; nay, if my husband and all my children were to be hanged upon such a score, I would not hinder it, as being more tender of their good name than their lives as tainted with the ugly stain of treason." On receipt of this letter Preston ordered his provost-marshal to hang the youth from the shaft of a cart tilted up for the occasion almost under the castle windows, but some of the staff officers interfered, and eventually saved the lad's life, and Preston's memory from the stain of wanton bloodshed.\* Young Hugh, however, was held in custody, and had to march with Preston's army to the leagner of Athy.

Four companies of the Ulster troops under Captains John O'Hagan, Con O'Neill, Daniel McKenna, and Daniel O'Mellan, garrisoned the castle† and the Dominican monastery, then standing on the east bank of the Barrow, when Preston sat down before the town. No one knew better than he did that the place would never yield till resistance become utterly hopeless; and he, therefore, lost no time in opening his battery against the castle. His shot told with terrible effect, for after eighteen rounds the staircase was so damaged that the besieged could not ascend or descend. O'Hagan, however, contrived to remedy this disaster by means of ladders from storey to storey, and no sooner was there a breach made in the walls than he filled it up "with hides, wool, and straw." Whenever an opportunity presented itself, the Ulster men sallied out by a postern, and so harassed Preston's people that they had to betake themselves to their trenches for shelter. At length, seeing that he could not get the castle, the more so as the river was between him and it, Preston shifted his position, and levelled his guns against the monastery which had been evacuated by Con O'Neill. Father Thomas Birmingham was then guardian of the community, and the memoir from which we quote tells us that "he planted a large wooden cross on the bell tower, imagining that the holy symbol would induce Preston to spare the place." He was deceived, however, for the Leinster general, instigated by his chaplain, Friar Barnewall, who disregarded the *Nuncio's* censures, battered down the belfry, and finally took the monastery by assault. Meanwhile intelligence of these events had sped to Owen O'Neill, in Munster, and he immediately despatched reinforcements for the garrison of Athy. Advancing by rapid marches, the relief at length arrived, and falling unexpectedly on a detachment of Preston's troops, who held the only ford on the river, between Rheban and the town, they put them to flight, and then crossing the Barrow, proceeded to regain possession of the monastery. The Leinster men made a stout resistance, but they were literally hewn to pieces in the bawn, garden, and cloisters of the monastery, "where," says the memoir,

"they had forfeited all right of sanctuary." Those who escaped the swords and pikes of the Ulster men were drowned in the Barrow, and Preston, seeing that his case was desperate, struck his tents and retreated rapidly towards Carlow. Young O'Shiel was still in the custody of his captors, who treated him very cruelly; but no sooner was Owen O'Neill made aware of the fact than he addressed the following energetic note to Preston:—

"If you insist on keeping the prisoner, tell me what ransom in money or exchange you demand; but if you execute him, as I hear you intend, I protest by the holy rood there is never a man of yours that will happen to fall into my hands, or already are my prisoners, taken only on mercy and not on quarter given, but I will yield them the same measure that you yield unto him, although he were your own son, and will use my best endeavours to be beforehand with you."

This communication produced the desired effect, and young O'Shiel, being speedily released from duress, returned to Dame Catherine, in her castle of Woodstock, to gladden her stout heart with a narrative of Preston's discomfiture before Athy.

Throughout the entire of 1648, O'Shiel followed the fortunes of Owen Roe, giving his best services to that gallant chieftain's army, whose masterly tactics and bravery defeated on many a hard-fought field the seven generals against whom it had to contend. In the following year, however, the Ulster general was obliged to conclude a treaty with Sir Charles Coote, who held Derry for the Parliament, and he accordingly marched to the relief of that city, then leagued by the royalists. After some desultory skirmishes the latter were forced to raise the siege, and Coote, opening the gates to his deliverer, received him and his staff "with great parade of hospitality and extraordinary plenty." It was whispered, however, that Coote dealt foully with his guest, giving him at his table some subtle poison, which so paralysed his energies that he was no longer able to mount his horse, and had to be carried in a litter at the head of his army back to Cavan, whence he was soon afterwards removed to Clough Outer castle, the residence of his brother-in-law, Philip O'Reilly. Some have ascribed O'Neill's illness and death to a poisoned pair of russet leather boots sent him as a present by one of the Plunkets of Louth; but be that as it may, none of the biographers of this great Irish general have hitherto given us any account of the symptoms of his fatal malady. The memoir, however, on which we have already drawn so largely, informs us that Coote's poison "was of lingering operation," weakening its victim gradually, giving him little pain, but causing his hair and nails to fall off by degrees." From the middle of August till the sixth of November, O'Neill pined slowly away, and we may easily imagine how his brave heart waxed faint and sorrowful while the watchers at his sick bed related to him the massacres of Drogheda and Wexford, and above all, the slaughter of his faithful clansmen whom he had recently sent to the support of the Royal cause. During the first month of his illness, O'Shiel was absent, and the physicians in attendance mistaking his malady, treated him for gout. "His own doctor," continues the "me-

\* The memoir describes Preston as "a man delicate in his diet, wavering in his resolutions, imperious in his commands, and fiery in his deportment." We should not forget, however, that Preston's defence of Louvain entitled him to a foremost place amongst the greatest generals of his age.

† The castle of Athy was erected by Gerald, 8th Earl of Kildare, in 1506.

moir," "Divine Providence so ordaining, was for a month at the beginning of his infirmities absent, which had been prime motive (divine disposition excepted) of the untimely death of that noble warrior." The same authority describes Owen Roe's last moments thus: "He died in our Lord, 6th November 1649, a true child of the Catholic religion, in full sense and memory, many of both secular and regular clergy assisting him in such a doubtful transit, and behaving himself most penitently. Being most devout to all regular orders during his life, especially to the order of St. Dominic, he put on his habit as a sure buckler against the rigor of future judgment, and was interred in the monastery of Cavan to *oblige*\* both patriarchs."

Early in the March of the following year (1650), a meeting was held, under the presidency of MacSweeney, bishop of Kilmore, to elect a successor to the deceased general. The assemblage was numerous, and among those who aspired to the vacant leadership, were the Marquess of Antrim, Lieutenant General O'Ferrall, Sir Phelim O'Neill, Henry (son of Owen) and many others who had distinguished themselves at home and abroad. Unfortunately, however, clerical influence was in the ascendant, and Emer MacMahon, bishop of Clogher, was appointed to the command. "He was a man," says the memoir, "no way fit for such work, and his election was sanctioned solely to put an end to further intrigue." Immediately after his appointment he proceeded to Ormond and Clanricard, then in Connaught, who cajoled him with promises of great assistance if he would march against Coote, "then the only champion of the Puritans in Ulster." The bishop undertook to do so, and receiving a commission from Ormond, he proceeded to the borders of the county Monaghan, to place himself at the head of his forces. O'Shiel, whose devotedness to the O'Neills never flagged, resolved to share the fortunes of the late general's son, and to stand or fall with him as fate might decree. A few months were spent in desultory skirmishing, and taking of some insignificant places which Coote had garrisoned; but the bishop's generalship proved that he knew little of the "art military." Relying on Ormond's fidelity, his grand object was to keep open the communication through Ballyshannon with Connaught, whence he expected the supplies, and with this object he crossed the Foyle near Lifford, a fatal movement, which enabled Coote and Venables to effect a junction of their forces, and ultimately obliged himself to take up a position near Letterkenny, where, owing to the rocky nature of the ground, it was impossible to manoeuvre. Coote and Venables were at Schear Saulis, on the River Swilly, and knowing that the bishop had detached a strong force to seize Doe castle, they were prepared to attack him at any moment. A singular incident occurred on the eve of this blundering and fatal engagement; for we are told that a woman of uncommon stature dressed all in white presented herself to the bishop, and warned him that if he engaged the enemy where he then was,

\* i.e. to secure the intercession of saints Francis and Dominic.

he would be beaten. Disregarding the weird prophecy, he assembled his officers on the night of the twentieth of June, to concert measures for next day's operations, and we are indebted to the "memoir" for the following account of the proceedings of the council convened on that momentous occasion.

Henry O'Neill rose to speak and addressed the bishop thus: "Let us remove hence and tire out the enemy. My father would use many cunctation to save the life of a single man; and now, my lord, won't you do the same with this army rather than expose it to slaughter? It is no disparagement to your lordship that you are not versant in those nice quillots of thundering Mars as not bred in his martial academy. 'Tis the theoretick of this art that wins the garland; therefore, cede and give place to practitioners. Lieutenant-general O'Farrell, and others that have endured the hardships of many temperatures for many years to the hazarding both life and fortune only for honour's sake to be dexter in this martial discipline, which cannot be acquired like our Paternoster in a day, otherwise than by much labour, pains and effusion of blood—he and all of us who are of the art would fain dissuade you from engaging the enemy here. My lord, you may consider that I and all the rest here convened are as prompt to do service on the enemy as ever you are willing to command; but would have it done like soldiers and not like men without art or experience. A great many of our soldiers are waiting upon other designs, and such as are extant are weary by much toil and travail. Let us then withdraw ourselves half a mile off, where we may be secure from any enemy, no matter how strong. If we act thus the people will flock to us, and the enemy will either disperse or starve. Should we not rather do this than hazard the only Catholic army in the kingdom to the slippery hands and wavering doom of never constant and variable fortune? If we be worsted at the onset, (as my father of happy memory did on such another occasion wisely consider,) this army could never again, even after the lapse of many months, be recruited or come to so considerable a head; but if the enemy had here the worst, it may easily be restored to its former being, by the powerful assistance of the parliament of England, now in actual possession of the three kingdoms. Cunctation in all ages is laudable in a general. Was it not this that placed Scanderbeg in the frontispiece of the book of fame? What else won fame for Spinola serving in the wars of Flanders, but cunctation? Did not this enable him to defeat Maurice, Prince of Orange? Surely the ominous prophecy regarding the place where we now are is ground sufficient for any reasonable understanding to cede his own to the contrary inclinations. My lord, I have done, and I know that I have spoken the sentiments of all my brothers in arms."

The bishop paid no deference to the arguments so ably and unanswerably urged by Henry O'Neill; for, instead of combating or questioning them, he phlegmatically remarked that "the conclusions drawn from former results were no way suitable to the courage of brave soldiers, but rather to the dastardly behaviour of

such as feared to be eyewitnesses of the effusion of their own or alien blood." The die was now cast, and Mac Mahon resolved to grapple with the enemy, even on disadvantageous ground.

Next morning beheld the two armies within musket shot of each other, and the bishop, after a brief exhortation, commanded some regiments of foot to advance against Coote's infantry, who were drawn up in admirable order, and supported by their horse. The impetuosity of the onset produced a momentary panic in the enemy's ranks, but a charge of several squadrons of cavalry restored their confidence, and drove back the Irish on their main body. Circumstanced as the Irish horse were by nature of the ground, they could not act, and had to remain idle spectators of the unequal combat. Nevertheless the infantry, led by Henry O'Neill and Lieutenant-general O'Farrell, fought with their accustomed bravery, and maintained the conflict till towards mid-day, when they were obliged to sound a retreat. In the confusion of this rout, Coote and Venables lost comparatively few of their men, but ere the sun set, 3500 of the Irish were slain between Shear-Saullis and Letterkenny. During the battle as well as in the retreat, Henry O'Neill distinguished himself even to the admiration of his enemies, for the memoir tells us that "he dashed among them like a merlin hawk among a multitude of sparrows, or a *lanzado*\* bull set free from the yoke by its cervical strength," till at last, surrounded by Coote's troopers, he was obliged to surrender on promise of quarter, and was sent prisoner to Londonerry. "The bishop," says the memoir, "the cause of this catastrophe, accompanied by O'Farrell, and escorted by two hundred horse, fled day and night for twenty-four hours towards Fermanagh without meat or drink, and was finally arrested by Major King, commanding the garrison of Enniskillen, who sent him back to Londonderry. O'Farrell contrived to escape, but the bishop was executed by orders of Coote. Among the killed on the side of the Irish there were eighteen captains of the O'Farrell family, besides inferior officers; and in the list of the more distinguished prisoners, we find the names of John O'Cahan, and Phelim MacToole O'Neill (who routed Preston at Athy), all of whom were taken to Londonderry, certain of being exchanged or ransomed. "O fatal destiny," continues the memoir, "this army, ever yet victorious under Owen O'Neill, was destroyed by the self-opinion of one man; so much so, that the O'Neill family, in the ebb of many years, may never recover their former state." As for O'Shiel, he proved a true man to the cause of religion, honour, and country, for he was found among the slain, between Letterkenny and Shear-Saullis, bearing on his mutilated body more than one deep scar, for which neither the "Book of the O'Shiels" nor the "Lily of Medicine" could have prescribed a "curative salvo." "He died," concludes his panegyrist, "leaving many men and women bemoaning his loss,—whom may God keep in his glory for ever and ever. Amen."

\* Pierced with a lance.

As for Henry O'Neill, notwithstanding the promise of quarter, his Spanish birth, and the ransom offered by his wife Eleanor, daughter of Sir Luke Fitzgerald, he had good reason to regret that he did not share the fate of his companions-in-arms on the bloody field of Letterkenny. The court-martial dealt summarily with him, and when he pleaded the services which his father had rendered to Coote, and how the latter was wont to call him his "dear Harry," Coote replied, "If you and your father did me courtesy, I repaid it; the sentence must be carried out;" and so it was, for "Henry Roe O'Neill was beheaded (in Londonderry) in the month of July by the unchristian and tigrish doom of the thrice-cruel butcher and human blood-sucker, Sir Charles Coote."

How it fared with Dame Catherine and young Hugh O'Shiel after the "*Eagle's*" death, the memoir does not tell us; but the old castle of Woodstock still exists in picturesque ruin, notwithstanding Preston's threat of blowing it up stone by stone. There is now no vestige of the Dominican monastery,\* but there are still some remains of Athy castle. The hereditary taste for the healing art, however, has not perished in the O'Shiel family, for even at the present day some of that name rank among the most distinguished of our medical practitioners.

### A MOUNTAIN VISION.

Ox the summit of a mountain  
Looking o'er the sunlit sea,  
By a wildly gushing fountain,  
Warbling soft song ceaselessly,  
I was lying—o'er me waving  
Fern plant of mystic seed,  
While the boom of ocean lavag  
Rock and shore, mine ear did heed.

Bright the "Golden Spears"† before me  
Cleft the azure waste of air;  
Sweetly from the Heaven bent o'er me  
Hymned the lark his anthem rare.  
Dreamily the murmur sounded  
Of the ever-vagrant bee,  
Where the floral balm abounded,  
Banqueting right royally.

In the purple-tinted distance  
Far my searching eye descried,  
Rising up in brave resistance  
To the vainly-surgin' tide,  
Old Ben-Heder, legend haunted,  
Hill of ruined abbey grey,  
Up whose rugged slopes I've panted  
Many a sultry summer's day.

\* Founded by the Boswells and Wogans in the thirteenth century. A Protestant church now occupies the site of the monastery, which was taken down in 1652.

† The Irish poetical designation of the Sugar Loaf mountains, Co. Wicklow.

And away, far, farther, showing  
Faintly, as the undefined  
Glimpses of a dream come growing  
O'er by day the wakeful mind,  
Could I see dim traces leaving  
Sometimes on the cloudless sky,  
Outlines of the mountains heaving  
Over Morne their summits high.

And my dog, the faithful-hearted,  
Lay beside me, gazing clear,  
(He, the faithful one, now parted  
From me many a changeful year,  
Gazing clear upon me dreaming,  
By that warbling fountain's side,  
While the mid-day sun was gleaming  
O'er the landscape far and wide,

Music sounded—solemn, glorious,  
From the choir "full voiced" and strong  
Which old Nature, the victorious,  
Maketh sing her antique song;  
Music, grander than the pealing  
Of the kingly instrument,  
Through my subtlest chords of feeling  
Its divine vibrations sent!

I did sleep, and dream a maiden  
Came the warbling fountain near;  
Snowy robe was she arrayed in,  
Round her forehead sparkled clear,  
Jewels of a ray diviner  
Than the earth-born light that lies  
In the gems the Orient miner  
Seeks, to dazzle mortal eyes.

Of the fairest type her beauty,  
Brow serene as summer skies;  
Love and truth and holiest duty  
Spake from out her lustrous eyes.  
Grace her queenly form pervaded,  
And that nameless influence dwelt  
Round her, which, alone, unaided,  
Can a higher soul make felt.

Towards the fount with earnest glances  
Looked she ever and anon;  
(Ah, what fathomless expanses  
Of pure light in those eyes shone;)  
Looked, as though the waters singing  
Ever their one silv'ry song,  
Some remembrances were bringing  
O'er her which had slumbered long.

And methought this radiant daughter  
Of my wand'ring fancy, came  
Unto where the crystal water  
Burst forth with the speed of flame;

Looking still with earnest vision  
On the wavelets' endless flow,  
Which did still their song elysian  
Chant, full soft, and sweet, and low.

There a deeper thought came o'er her  
As of sorrow's darkest hue;  
In the limpid stream before her  
Mournful things she seemed to view.  
And at last she rent the glowing  
Cirlet which her forehead bore,  
And into the waters flowing,  
Cast it down for evermore.

Thence her magic beauty faded  
Quickly to my dreaming eye,  
Every feature that had made it,  
Seemed to change, and shrink, and die.  
Of her form the grace departed,  
Soon her orbs no lustre shed;  
And e'er trembling, I upstarted,  
Saw I last, a fleshless head!

From the summit of that mountain,  
Looking o'er the misty sea;  
From beside that wilden fountain,  
Warbling soft song ceaselessly;  
I came down; my sad dream leaving  
On the fern of mystic seed,  
While the boom of ocean heaving  
Shoreward, still mine ear did heed.

H. NICHOLSON LEVINGE.

## OONA MORIARTY.

### AN INCIDENT IN IRISH PEASANT LIFE.

THOSE bold promontories and intruding bays, which so deeply indent the map of Ireland along its whole western outline, tell of a long and fierce struggle between land and ocean. How wild a warfare has the great Atlantic waged against our island-home along that iron-bound coast for nigh six thousand years! Those jutting headlands projecting so far into the deep; those rocky islets, left so far out among the wild waves by the vanquished and retreating *terra firma*; those jagged creeks and bays penetrating towards the very heart of the country, and searching out every nook where the solid granite, or the quartz, or the limestone was not at hand to resist the invading element—all these indicate the terrific power of the hostile forces, and the varying success of that everlasting conflict.

But not one of those headlands forms so prominent a feature on the map, or one so interesting on many accounts, as the great peninsula which still rejoices in the euphonious old title of Corkaguiny, and of which the local chief place is the ancient little town of Dingle. All round from Malin-head to Cape Clear, without excepting even Achil or the tempest-shorn Mweelrea, there is



not so grand a promontory as Brandon hill, or one which breasts the Atlantic with a sea precipice so steep and lofty. The shifting sands on the adjacent shore of Smerwick-harbour evince the recent inroads of the ocean, which threatens, at no distant period, to insulate Sybil-head and the Three Sisters: the stormy Blasquets, far out in the south-western offing, are trophies at once of former conquest and of stern resistance between the struggling elements; and the sandy flats of the Magheerees seem to be protected from total immersion only by the mighty bulwark of St. Brendan's mountain.

How many strange old places, and how many scenes of strange events, do we find in that stripe of land which we are describing! Some of the names we have mentioned are full of historic import. From the summit of Brandon-hill we behold objects which might indeed illustrate a large portion of Irish history. The mariner saint of the sixth century, whose name the mountain bears, sailed often from under its shadow on his ocean wanderings; and from this mountain he took his last bearing on that voyage in which he succeeded in reaching the transatlantic shores, nearly a thousand years before Columbus re-discovered them. Cloghane, or stone-roofed cyclopean houses, the residences of primitive saints, small oratories and churches of the sixth and seventh century architecture, and some mediæval castles, are strewn over the neighbouring districts. Smerwick-harbour, with its Dunanoir, has a doleful tale to tell about the fate of the chivalrous Geraldines and their unhappy Spanish and Italian allies; and in our own times the name of Dingle is painfully associated with efforts to use the sufferings of a famine-stricken people in the work of soul-traffic. Thus is the locality one of singular interest to the antiquary, to the lover of the grand and picturesque in nature, and, if you will, to the student of human nature.

Low-lying, at the foot of a ridge of heathy mountains, and about a mile from the eastern shore of Smerwick-harbour, stand the ruins of Kilmalkedar Church, or "Kiel," as the name is pronounced in an abridged form in the neighbourhood. The style of these ruins is peculiar, the architecture belonging to a period anterior to the introduction of the Gothic. In the ancient churchyard adjoining there are some head-stones inscribed with the mysterious ogham characters. The name of the church is derived from one of the immediate holy disciples of St. Brendan, and, altogether, the place has an air of extreme antiquity. Close by there is a holy well, and in the immediate vicinity of the church are a few farm houses of the humblest class; but, notwithstanding the presence of these habitations, the place is exceedingly sad and solitary.

Near the aforesaid holy well, several years ago, a pair of rustic lovers, on whose behalf we desire to enlist the reader's interest, often had the happiness of a casual meeting. Oona Moriarty was a widow's daughter of the vicinity. Her mother was miserably poor, the whole subsistence of the family, which consisted of herself, her daughter and a son, being derived from a small plot of bad land which that son, a boy too young for the laborious

task imposed on him, cultivated with difficulty. But Oona, though so poor, was handsome. She grew up like a lovely flower blooming in a wilderness. Her large dark eyes, regular features, and graceful figure would have been considered beautiful even among the most refined classes; while maidenly modesty and an excellent though untaught understanding, were qualities which she possessed in a still higher degree than even beauty. Her favored lover, Ned Hurley, was as poor as herself. He was a young labourer whose residence was chiefly at Dingle, some four miles distant, but he contrived often, of a summer evening, to hover about the old well of Kilmalkedar, where by some good fortune, he never failed to catch a glimpse of the sweet Oona Moriarty, and if the opportunity were favorable, to have a little conversation with her. Ned was somewhat wild and unsteady in his habits, much more so indeed than Oona suspected, and as he felt that he would hardly be approved of as her suitor, he never introduced himself at her mother's cabin; so that their meetings partook of a clandestine character; although this was perhaps in a great measure owing to the natural solitude of the place. The maiden merely abstained from mentioning them to her mother, without seeking specially to conceal them from her.

One evening as the sun, about to descend into the ocean, beyond the most northern summit of the Three Sisters, was gilding with his rays the venerable gables of the old church, Oona, who had just filled her pail from the crystal waters of the holy well, was seated on a stone combing out her long black tresses, when her lover abruptly made his appearance, and seated himself on another of the naked rocks which are strewn about in profusion at that place.

After their first greetings, their conversation being of course in Irish, the only language that either of them spoke, a short pause ensued, and Ned Hurley then observed, in a thoughtful manner:—"I am breaking my heart thinking, Oona, and I can't help thinking, that you don't care about me at all."

"Then how can you say that, Ned? And sure I never cared about any one in this world but yourself, except my poor mother and Tom; and I wish you would come to the house now, and let me tell them all about it."

"If you care about me, then," said Hurley, only attending to the first part of her answer; "why don't you keep your promise? and you know 'tis long since you promised me that you would be my wife."

The girl blushed deeply, and only made the sad rejoinder—"But where, a *vick mo chree*, will we go, or what will become of us if we get married?"

"As to that," said Hurley scratching his head, "I don't know indeed; but still I don't see any chance that we will ever be one bit better off; and I am thinking of doing something terrible, Oona, if you only love me."

"Something terrible, a *gra!* and what is it you would do, Ned?" inquired Oona with a smile.

"Nothing at all, I hope—if I can help it," mut-

tered her lover, "but," he added sorrowfully, "I'd sell my soul to the Wicked One to get something for you, Oona."

"God forgive you, Ned, for saying such a bad thing in this blessed place," was her reply.

Another pause ensued, and Hurley observed, in a tone of apparent indifference—"What purty houses they have down there in the colony; were you ever in any of them?"

"What would bring me into one of them? the Lord between us and harm!" exclaimed the girl.

"Musha, what harm is in it after all?" said Ned. "I wish we had one of them, and the bit of land we could get with it, for a while, until we could find some other way to live."

"Oh, then, the Lord between us and harm, again and again!" reiterated Oona, crossing herself. "I never heard you talk that way before, and I hope I never will again. If it be the will of God that we are to be married, something will happen in our favour, Ned, and don't fear; but sooner than do what you say, I would rather a thousand times be buried this moment in the bottom of the ocean."

These words were uttered with great energy, and another pause ensued. Ned then rose to depart, and appeared deeply afflicted.

"I am only telling you, Oona," he said, "that it is breaking my heart to go on in this way, and that I am ready to do anything in the world for your sake."

"If you love me, then, don't do anything wrong, and don't talk the way you talked this evening; but as I was saying, you must come to my mother's house now. 'Tis a long walk from Dingle, and a long walk back again, and you must eat a few potatoes with us before you go."

Ned declined the invitation. He appeared gloomy and sorrowful. Oona's heart also was heavy; and in this unhappy state of mind they parted.

It was some days after this interview between Oona and young Hurley, when Owen O'Leary, the son of a small farmer of the neighbourhood, paid a visit to the house of the widow Moriarty. The family were congregated outside the cabin door, variously occupied, as it was a genial evening at the close of the month of August; and O'Leary proceeded to tell them whatever new he had. He was an ardent admirer of the fair Oona, and as such was highly acceptable to her mother, although to the daughter he was an object of cold indifference; and the principal item of intelligence which he had to relate was soon obvious enough.

Having exhausted the topics of the weather, and of the manner in which the crops of oats and potatoes had so far thriven with the neighbours, he said; "I am told there are people joining the soupers in Dingle still, in spite of all that Father O'Sullivan says about it every Sunday."

To some of our readers it may be necessary to explain that the name of "soupers" is a term of opprobrium applied originally in the south of Ireland to those unhappy creatures who are known to change their religion

for some worldly consideration; the word being derived from the meat-soup which it has been usual to deal out to them on fast-days, and which is at once a test of the sincerity of their conversion, and an instalment of the creature comforts held out to them as a reward. The groups of cottages built for their exclusive accommodation in the outlets of the town of Dingle are known as the "colony;" and hence the horror expressed by Oona at the mention of that place by her friend, Ned Hurley, and the general expression of indignation with which O'Leary's report was now received.

"There are some joining them," he continued, "that have no right at all; for," he added, looking significantly towards Oona, "I am told that a boy of the Hurleys, who is well able to earn his own bread, and has no body depending on him, I suppose, has turned souper after all."

O'Leary spoke in the plural, as if Hurley were one of several who were acting in the manner he described, but this was only a figurative way of expressing himself, as it was his rival alone to whom he alluded. Oona blushed like scarlet at the news, and as the words were so pointedly addressed to herself, she should speak, and she therefore remarked that "some people are always telling lies about other people; and there is no believing half of what we hear."

"And who is the boy himself?" inquired the widow Moriarty.

"I have often seen him over in this side of the country," said O'Leary.

"I saw him two or three times talking to Oona, here, at the well," said her brother laughing.

"And who is he, Oona?" asked her mother.

"All I know about him is, that he is a decent, honest boy; and I don't believe a word that Owen O'Leary here says about him," said Oona, while the tell-tale blushes mantled more deeply in her face.

The mother thought it more prudent to await another opportunity for explanations from her daughter. Tom Moriarty still laughed at his sister's embarrassment; and O'Leary, anxious to vindicate his own veracity in the matter, said: "Why, then, all I know about him is, that I saw him myself in the colony, and that I am told he is trying to get a house there from the minister, and that he was half a dozen times at the preachings; that is all I know, and if you don't call that turning souper, I don't know what it is!"

"I suppose many a one that is not a souper has occasion sometimes to go to the colony; and you don't know whether anything else about him be true or not?" said Oona, arguing in her lover's favour, like a true woman.

"What is it to you what he does? What business have you to take his part?" rejoined her mother, somewhat sharply.

The subject here dropped, and O'Leary soon after took his leave. Tom also absented himself for some time, and the widow seized the opportunity to demand an explanation from her daughter of her meetings with young Hurley. She then forbid her to meet him any

more; and Oona said, with great sincerity and honest pride, "You may be sure, mother, I will never speak to him if the story told about him be true; but I must see him once, at least, to make sure whether it is or not."

Another week elapsed and Oona on going, as was her wont, a little before sunset, to her lonely well, found her lover there before her. Her manner towards him was reserved, and on his side too the meeting seemed to produce some embarrassment. The following dialogue ensued.

"And so, Ned, you went to the colony after all?"

"Sure any one might go there, I suppose."

"Ay, Ned; that is what I was saying myself, but what brought you there, Ned?"

"And who told you I was in it at all?"

"O I heard it; but what brought you there, tell me?"

"Well, I suppose if you heard I was in the colony, you heard what business I had there too."

"I don't mind what I hear from anyone about you, Ned; I'd rather hear what you tell me yourself; but what brought you among those bad people?"

"Nothing at all, then."

"You wouldn't tell a lie to me, Ned."

Hurley was silent.

"O then, 'tis true after all that you turned—I wont say what! *O wirra stru!*"

"Tell me who said anything against me to you, and I'll have his life."

"That is more of it. I thought you loved me, Ned Hurley."

"Didn't I tell you that I would sell my soul to the demon for you?"

"And I suppose that that is the reason you turned supper! O God, have mercy on us!"

"'Tis not true," said Hurley, in a violent passion.

"Oh, I am afraid it is too true, Ned; you went to the preachings, and you tried to get a house in the colony from the minister; O, it is too true!"

Hurley hung down his head in silence.

"Ned, I am ashamed of you. When I heard the story about you, I said it was a lie. O, I wished it was a lie; but my heart misgave me when I remembered the way in which you spoke to me here the last time; then I was afraid it might be true, and now I see it is. *O wirra stru! wirra stru!*" and poor Oona wept and hid her face in her lap.

"Tell me who is it that told you any stories about me, Oona, and I'll surely have his life before I go to bed?"

"What matter who told me if it be true; and why would you take any one's life, you unfortunate man?"

Hurley had not a word to say.

"You brought disgrace upon yourself and me," resumed Oona, after a while, "and I have promised my mother that I would never see you again."

"O, don't say that, Oona, or I'll go mad. It was for

your sake I did it. I only wanted to get a house and some little means for yourself and myself from that cursed crew, and we would fling it back to them in a year or so, when we could do anything else for ourselves."

"And is that honest? And do you think, Ned, that I would marry you with the curse of God on us both, and be disgraced and lost for ever and ever? O no; I told you at this holy well before that I'd rather a thousand times be buried in the bottom of the ocean than do such a thing; and now, Ned Hurley, God be with you, and God convert you; there is no use in our meeting any more in this world!"

"O, for God's sake, don't leave me that way, Oona, or I'll surely go mad, and do something worse than ever I did. O stay with me Oona, for another minute, and I'll never come near you again, if you wish."

At this moment Oona's brother, who had witnessed the meeting from a distance, and hovered round lest any harm should come to his sister, having observed Hurley's loud and excited manner approached nearer, and commenced whistling an air.

Oona was anxious to break off the interview; she said she could not stop, and that after the way in which he had acted she should keep the promise she had made to her mother; and so, praying that God might change his heart from evil, she turned away; but only for her brother's approach she might have tarried a moment longer and have spoken some kind and encouraging word before she left.

Hurley rose up gloomily, and walked slowly away. He was dark and wayward in his disposition, and was capable of feeling as much of the bad passion of pride as a person in a much higher position in society. He felt galled at Oona's reproof; fancied that her manner towards him arose from a change in her affection; and imagining that the best way in which he could be revenged on her was to do the very thing which she most disliked, returned the next day to the Dingle colony, associated henceforth with its inhabitants, learned some of their religious cant, and attended their place of worship; while all the time he loathed and despised them and their system. Thus he acted the part of a consummate hypocrite until all that was in any way good in his heart or disposition became sophisticated and corrupted.

Oona, who did not understand the actual worthlessness of her lover, or learn anything of his subsequent conduct, soon forgot and forgave in her heart the faults for which she had upbraided him. She blamed herself for her harshness towards him. Whatever he had done wrong she now thought how it was for her sake he had done it, and perhaps after all he had not gone so far as she had been told; and now who knows, she said to herself, what might happen him, or into what misfortune her unkindness might hurry him. Thus she tormented herself with her own thoughts; night and day she grieved and fretted; her visits to the holy well were at once sources of grief and melancholy consolation to her; her songs over her spinning-wheel became inexpressibly

plaintive and heart-touching, and they were often interrupted by deep-drawn sighs, followed by long intervals of silent thoughtfulness; she became pale and careworn; and yet all this while no one knew the secret of her affliction, or seemed to observe that she was rapidly wasting away with grief. Her mother was too dull, and too much engrossed in the cares of their humble household, to perceive any change in her daughter's health or state of mind; and thus poor Oona was pining away without attracting the notice or sympathy of any friend.

Weeks passed away, and not a word of news reached her ears about Ned Hurley. She did not allow his name to escape her lips, and no one else thought of alluding to him. Weeks passed, and the stormy month of October set in. One night in particular it blew a terrific gale from the south-west. First the wind came moaning through the old walls and along the hillside, rising and falling fitfully; and the sun at setting tinged the clouds for a while with garish yellow. The night was moonless and starless; black masses of clouds swept over the sky from the ocean; and the fitful gusts of the evening were changed into the sustained fury of a tempest. The storm raged as if the very mountains would rock upon their foundations; the distant roar of the Atlantic could be heard for miles into the country, and its spray, carried off by the storm until it mingled with the clouds, covered the surface of the land with salty crystals. It was one of those storms which can only be witnessed on our western coasts, when nothing seems safe from the tempest, and the horrible uproar of the elements appears to threaten nature with another chaos.

"God help anyone that's on the sea to-night!" said Oona, who sat so paralysed by the fury of the storm that she was unable to ply her wheel as usual.

"*Oh, uirra wagher!* sure nobody would be on the sea such a night as this," ejaculated her mother, shuddering at the very idea.

"If there is anyone on the sea they'll soon be under it, anyhow; 'tis hardly one is safe on the land itself in this storm," chimed in Tom.

They crowded more closely round the fire, trembling lest the roof of their cabin should be swept away, as the creaking rafters seemed to threaten. To retire to rest was out of the question. No one could sleep in such a storm; and the few lighted embers on the hearth added to their sense of insecurity; for if the roof fell in, the thatch would catch fire, and their all would be consumed in the flames. They could do nothing but pray the live long night, and while the storm howled and threatened above and around them, they sat or knelt with panic-stricken hearts, imploring from Heaven mercy for themselves and others.

Thus the dismal night wore away, and with the returning morning the tempest subsided. The sun rose red and angry looking; the clouds were torn and jagged; the few gleams of sunshine which they permitted to appear were lurid; the wind was still high, and the storm was evidently only lulled for a while, and not blown out.

Still it was a relief after the dreary night. Tom Moriarty went out to his work; Oona returned to her spinning-wheel, and sang over it one of her most plaintive ditties; and her mother was engaged tidying the house. Just then, a little ragged girl entered at the open door, and, after standing for a while silent, with her back against the wall, at length said, as if casually, "There was a boat lost last night out near Ballydavid."

A cry of horror and pity escaped from the mother and daughter at the news.

"They say 'twas a boat of the soupers," added the little girl after a while; and the statement elicited a fresh exclamation of horror.

Another neighbour now stepped in, and observed that it was easy to know the *d—* was at his work last night—a whole boat load of soupers was lost! The boat itself was on the rocks inside Ballydavid Head, and two of the bodies were washed in on the sands at the head of Smerwick harbour; but there were four or five others in the boat, and no one knew where their bodies were. It was quite plain at all events that none of them could have been saved.

Oona waited to hear no more, but wrapping an apron tightly about her head she glided out without speaking, and hastened towards the shore. A few other persons might be seen proceeding in the same direction, struggling with the contrary blasts, and a small group of people were assembled below on the sands. At the place where these latter stood lay the bodies of two men stretched on the sand in the ghastly rigidity of death. No one seemed to know their names, and no one wished to touch them; but all were aware that the lost boat belonged to "soupers," and the horror which the spectacle inspired was increased in the minds of most of them, by a fear for the fate of the unhappy men in the other world.

A young girl with her head tightly muffled in an apron was seen approaching the bodies, and looking closely into their features; and as she gazed upon the face of one, she uttered a low shriek.

Tom Moriarty, who had come down to the shore, recognized his sister, but said nothing; and all that day a low, bitter wailing might be heard within the sacred old walls of Kilmalkedar, where the poor mourner sought to hide her grief among the graves.

Such was the sad denouement of the love of Oona Moriarty and the unfortunate Ned Hurley. If we follow the fate of the former, however, a little longer, we shall find that in the lapse of years she became sensible of the grievous faults of her unhappy lover, and of the escape she had in not being united for life to such a man. Owen O'Leary often visited her mother's cabin, and proved himself to be a sincere friend and a worthy fellow. Her brother, Tom, caught fever and died; her mother was sinking fast under the pressure of old age and poverty; and at length Oona Moriarty was induced to lend a favourable ear to the wooings of O'Leary, and ultimately to give him her hand.

M. H.